

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCLVII.

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## FROM HEINE.

"Wo wird einst des Wundermüden."

Where, at last, a-weary, worn,  
Will a resting-place be mine?  
Under palm-trees southern-born?  
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I sleep in parching waste,  
Desolate, save strangeling's hand?  
Or by shore, where swift waves raced,  
Sea on sea, across the sand?

Ah! What matters!—Yonder,—near,—  
Over each,—God's Heav'n spreads high,  
And as torches at a bier,  
Guardian stars are in the sky.

*Jennett Humphreys.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## WASTE GROUND AT ALDWYCH.

*(On finding fifty species of plants growing upon a vacant building site.)*

At Aldwych in the Strand,  
Hoarded amid the noisy throng of men  
Till they shall build again,

A little plot of brickstrewn vacant  
land,

Where late were marts and inns  
And theatres where pleasures strove  
to drown

The restless cares of town,  
Lies open to the will of wind and  
sun:

And of man's purpose none  
Has power within the palling—neither  
sins

Nor any good deeds hap there—Na-  
ture free

Once again holds sovereignty.  
Clovers white and crimson grow  
Lusty on the lime below;  
Lady's Fingers loved of Dane  
Many a wound did staunch of old  
Here before St. Clement's fane  
Lift from sward-green leaves their gold;  
Vesper-loving Campions who  
Breathe from petals hung with dew  
Incense while the bindweeds sleep,  
Bid the mot their vigil keep;  
Near's a little Elder sprung  
That same tree that Judas hung,  
King of common herbs or rare  
Not a mole is here to scare;  
Sheepsorrel of barren soil

And Soldier's Woundwort—harsh Mil-  
foil—

That which first Achilles used  
Oft for other hurts infused,  
Leaves that lessen in an hour  
Sombre melancholy's power;  
Here's Waybred with bowery leaves  
Elves may hide in safe as thieves  
Till spider-fighting toads get hurt  
And browse the edge for cure alert;  
Jean Cherry, of whose fruit 'tis told  
Our Lord gave Peter one to hold  
With gentle counsel meet and wise  
Nothing to scorn for little size,  
The same that, brought from Asian  
soil,

Lucullus prized o'er golden spoil;  
And Groundsel dear to cage-bred birds  
And easy found as kindly words,  
Whose root the Highland women wear  
To guard against a witch's stare;  
The Headache flower's flaunting red  
That brings false rest like leman's bed;  
The Corn sow-thistle rearing high  
Its golden blossoms to the sky  
Whose juicy leaves have here respite  
From pilfering wild hare's appetite;  
Fig, first-named tree in Holy Writ  
Threatened of old but never smit;  
Rose Willow-herbs with blossoms tall  
And Shepherd's Purse that some do  
call

Pickpocket, stealing needed ground  
And Coltsfoot fond of rubble mound.  
I watch them from some bracken fern  
Wondering to see how soon return  
These pagan natives of the land  
The moment man witholds his hand.  
The sun gleams bright on far St. Paul's  
And on my ears the traffic falls  
With hoot of car and hurry of feet  
And is it bitter or is it sweet  
To think how soon if we were gone  
Wildflowers would clothe the ground  
whereon

We built and lived? Yet might be  
found

In these same flowers that star the  
ground

A promise that we shall not cease  
When all we thought us perished is;  
But even as the thistles there,  
Borne upon some diviner air  
Build nobler lives than man has seen  
With all the best that we have been.

*A. Hugh Fisher.*

*The Academy.*

**ENGLAND, AMERICA AND JAPAN.****SOME FACTS AND IMPRESSIONS GAINED DURING A RECENT VISIT  
TO THE FAR EAST.**

For the present the United Kingdom and Japan are bound together by an alliance to maintain the integrity of China, and to provide equal opportunities for the trade of all nations throughout the Chinese Empire, including Manchuria and Korea. All alliances, however loud may be the denial of the contracting parties, are brought about for the purpose of frustrating the designs or supposed designs of another Power or group of Powers. And it is, I think, an open secret that the agreement between the United Kingdom and Japan was directed against Russia, whose political influence for some years previously had been gradually extending to the north over Manchuria and southwards to Korea in a way likely to threaten the very existence of Japan.

The original Russian policy in Manchuria and the Far East was in no way disadvantageous to the merchants of other countries, besides bringing much benefit to the inhabitants of the country. But later on that policy changed and Russia began to exclude and differentiate between merchants of her own and merchants of other countries whilst retaining Russian enterprises in a privileged position as well as showing further aggressive designs.

Of all the great Powers, England and the United States alone—and I would emphasize this fact—have neither wish nor desire to secure more territory in the East, or to assume greater responsibilities. Their interests are identical. Both wish to retain the "open door" throughout China with equal opportunities for the trade of all nations, Great Britain because she has commercial interests all over China, and the United States because there is no portion of

China in which American commercial interests are predominant over those of other nationalities. Although perhaps for different reasons—but that is immaterial—the interests of these two Powers are, and will remain the same: this fact must not be forgotten in the consideration of international policies in the East. Its importance cannot be overestimated and its full recognition by the peoples and governments of the two countries will do much to secure unanimity of action, whenever another crisis arises in the affairs of the Chinese Empire. Other great Powers, Russia, Japan, France and Germany, all possess districts in China, in which their own commercial interests are predominant, and in which they hope to exercise political influence. When the sphere of influence policy or partition of the country seemed likely to be the prevailing plan, England was obliged to do her best to prevent the regions in which she exercised a dominating commercial position from falling under foreign rule, with the certain result that hostile tariffs would be raised against British goods and equal privileges and opportunities would be denied to British manufacturers.

England was the pioneer among Western nations in the Far East, but her policy has never been aggressive, and in her dealings with the Chinese she has invariably been as conciliatory as possible. Till a few years ago her position and influence was decidedly superior to that of any other Power; all great commercial enterprises, financial, commercial, industrial and shipping were firmly established in British hands. Obviously then, the policy of this country, in common with that of the United States, must be to main-

tain the "open door" throughout the Chinese Empire, without in any way wishing to extend political control. The point which I wish specially to emphasize is that America has no sphere of influence marked out in China, with no portion of the country in which her commercial interests are predominant over those of other nationalities. America alone of all the Western Powers must therefore adopt the same policy as Great Britain, namely to retain things as they are. This is the principle which for the present all Powers advocate in regard to the Far East, and it must be insisted on both as regards Korea and Manchuria. But whatever agreements may be entered into between foreign Powers with this object, by far the best guarantee for the maintenance of the open-door policy will be a strong and efficient army for China itself.

Many foolish and timid people view with alarm the arming of China on modern methods, on the assumption that it will make residence for foreigners impossible in that country; but let them not forget that the treaty-ports, where Europeans reside and have their business centres, are rapidly developing in co-operation with the Chinese merchants and capitalists, whose influence is gradually but steadily increasing and will always be exerted to retain friendly relations with foreigners. In any case, it will be very many years before the new China will have the power to thrust out the foreigner or to dispense with his services. The Chinese may regard us as ill-mannered barbarians, but amongst the masses of the people there is no real dislike to foreigners except when an anti-foreign feeling is stirred up by revolutionists or officials for ulterior motives. On the other hand, opposition certainly exists to the granting of concessions to foreigners and the carrying on by them of commercial undertak-

ings. These matters the people of China are taught to believe are political schemes in disguise.

Those again who fear the yellow peril bogey should remember that with Japan as a first-class naval and military Power, it is infinitely better that we should see a strong and efficiently armed China able to restore the balance of power in the East. To suppose that the yellow races would combine against the white races is absurd, and shows failure to realize that the resentment felt in China against Japan owing to her acquisition of Chinese territory is quite as strong if not stronger than any resentment directed against the foreigner. By means of Japanese military lecturers in the Chinese schools, and newspapers controlled by Japanese, Japan is gradually acquiring great influence in China, and the foundations of that influence are being very carefully laid. Different as the two nations are in several ways, they have many characteristics in common which bring them far nearer to each other than can possibly be the case as regards Western people. Yet the fact remains that the Chinese as a rule dislike and despise the Japanese, a feeling cordially reciprocated. China fears the military power of Japan, and if obliged to seek foreign help for any enterprise, the Chinaman infinitely prefers to be "bossed" by the European than by a person of the Japanese race. The yellow races may enforce more kindly treatment for their subjects at the hands of their white neighbors, but with this exception, no sane man need fear the growth of the Chinese army or the yellow peril. In the effect of a tropical sun on the life and habits of a people in any country is usually to be read the secret of their own want of success as a fighting race, their inability to bear the privations and hardships of war as compared with others reared in a more temperate zone. And



for this reason we can safely eliminate one-third of the Chinese race when regarding them as a suitable material for the conquest of white races.

Over and over again I have heard it stated by Europeans and by Americans resident in the East, that Great Britain has by her alliance with Japan once more placed her money on the wrong horse. This is no doubt an unpalatable reflection for our statesmen at home; but reviewing calmly and dispassionately the events in the East during recent years, I am forced to the conclusion that although the original agreement with Japan to keep the ring in the event of war was a wise policy, yet the advantages and disadvantages of the extended alliance with Japan are so evenly balanced that in this instance at any rate the competitors, Russia and Japan, should have been allowed to run unbacked.

Great Britain by her alliance accepts very onerous obligations, and in return gains a fictitious security for her Eastern interests, receiving assurance of such help in the defence of the Indian frontier as no wise British statesman would wish to accept. That this is rather a one-sided arrangement is undoubtedly the case. It is an arrangement with which the British public, as events develop in the East, are likely to feel increasing irritation and dissatisfaction in the future, and one which is unlikely to be renewed under any circumstances.

To be an effective weapon for united action and the maintenance of peace, an alliance must rest on sentiment as well as community of interest between the contracting parties. Between the Japanese and British nations there is no sentiment whatever. Englishmen at home know nothing of the Japanese. Englishmen resident in the East detest Japan and everything Japanese, feelings most cordially reciprocated, and in the future the commercial interests

of the contracting parties are likely to clash to an extent that five years ago was hardly deemed possible. No doubt a highly fictitious sympathy was roused in England and among most civilized peoples for the Japanese nation fighting for their national existence against Russian aggression, but this is hardly the kind of sentiment on which an effective alliance can be solidly built between peoples different in race, color, religion and almost every national characteristic. But as Sir Edward Grey has said, referring to the alliance in a recent speech, "It was essential to the reputation of the country for continuity, consistency and good faith, that those alliances and friendships should be maintained and the honor of the country is involved in observing them firmly and generously."

However, do not let us attach too much importance to its existence. It is regarded as a dead letter by residents in the East, and whatever advantage the alliance may possess in the eyes of the public at home, it would be folly to fail to recognize the effect of the thinly veiled antagonism between the two races in the East, and the sentiments which might render the agreement absolutely useless as an effective weapon for its purpose. There can, however, be no disagreeable consequences so long as Great Britain does not use the treaty as an excuse for reducing her armaments in the East, and, what is infinitely more important, when troubles arise for handing over any portion of her duties in China to be settled by Japan.

If British opposition to Russian advance to the South and her acquisition of a port in "warm" water is to remain a part of our national policy, then it is inevitable that we ourselves must be prepared to carry it through with our own resources, and not by trusting to the help of others.

Some may say that if Japan had not

made an alliance with Great Britain, she would have concluded an agreement with Russia. Be it so, but let us also remember that although it may be possible to reconcile conflicting interests as we have done in the last few years with France, it is impossible to reconcile conflicting ambitions such as those held by Japan and Russia. No treaty entered into by Russia tending to block her advance to the south, which alone can satisfy her national ambition, need be regarded as anything but the most temporary arrangement, and we in England should do well to remember this seemingly forgotten but all-important fact. We cannot thwart a great nation in the attainment of a great national ambition at one end of the world, and expect to find in her a reliable friend with whom to arrange conflicting interests in other regions. Nor is it possible to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds in international friendships, though such would seem to be the opinion of a certain section in England.

There is much speculation, especially in the United States, as to the probable action of Great Britain in the event of hostilities between Japan and the United States. But many people, especially in the United States, fail to remember that the alliance has for its sole object the maintenance of the integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of the open door. Moreover it is expressly stated in the Treaty that only in the event of an unprovoked attack by another Power or Powers against one of the contracting parties, when defending its special interests in Eastern Asia, shall either contracting party be compelled to come to the assistance of the other.

War between Japan and the United States is utterly improbable for the present, and could only come about after the refusal of the Japanese Government to comply with the perfectly

legitimate demands of the American and Canadian Governments to restrict Japanese laboring immigration to the Pacific Coast. It is folly to imagine that Japan would be likely to refuse demands so reasonable, seeing that she herself has laws excluding alien workmen from Japan. After such refusal we should no doubt see legislation in the United States for the total exclusion of Japanese laborers, followed by outbursts of popular resentment throughout Japan against the American people which might force the Japanese Government into war. But under no circumstances would this be construed as an attack by the United States on the special interests of Japan in Eastern Asia, and under no conditions would it be supposed that Great Britain would participate in such a lamentable conflict against people of her own race.

A fact which cannot fail to make a profound and disagreeable impression on the English traveller in the East is the intense antagonism displayed by Europeans and Americans, almost without exception, towards Japan and all things Japanese, noticeable at Singapore and Penang, and gradually increasing in strength as one gets nearer to Japan. No doubt it is caused partly by jealousy, partly by commercial competition, and partly by general annoyance felt at the success of Japan's gigantic bluff when she wisely made peace with Russia, without the world knowing the true state of her resources, and received torrents of hysterical adulation from the Press of the civilized world in praise of her generosity and magnanimity. There is not the least doubt that at the time she made peace so skilfully Japan was practically stone-cold, at the end of her resources in men and money, and would never again have found herself in the same favorable position for negotiating terms of peace.

No doubt Japan desires to play the rôle of protector of the East against foreign aggression: in fact, to be the mouthpiece of a sort of Monroe doctrine for the East; to get the carrying trade of the East into her hands, and to capture the markets of China for her traders; all this is perfectly legitimate, and as to commercial successes won in fair competition, we can have no reasonable complaint. But when by illegitimate means she attempts to capture the markets of Manchuria, by a system of rebates and facilities to her traders, then we must begin to doubt the sincerity of her intentions. The terms of the alliance guarantee the open door for the trade of all nations in Manchuria and Korea, as well as in China, and any infringement of these conditions can only increase the annoyance and bitterness felt by European traders in the East towards their Japanese competitors, and should be followed by energetic protests by the British representative at Tokio.

On every side in North China, Korea and Manchuria, complaints are heard of preferential treatment and facilities being accorded to Japanese manufacturers, much to the detriment of other business firms, and in flagrant disregard of the terms of the treaty.

Considering the immense difficulties in which Japan finds herself as a result of her Imperialistic and Expansionist policy, it is not to be wondered at that the Japanese should try by every possible way to gain every advantage over their European competitors. The South Manchurian Railway in Japanese hands is a failure as a commercial undertaking, and is being run at a dead loss, and with little or no prospect of profits in the future. Port Arthur is a useless white elephant to the Japanese, only to be held by them in order to prevent any other Power from establishing itself once more in the Kwantung Province.

Korea, regarded by so many Japanese as a sort of golden Eldorado, is a miserable failure, owing to the initial policy of the Japanese Government, of which the evil effects can never be wholly counteracted in the future. Often compared with Egypt and its British Administration, the comparison is only possible if you try and imagine what would have been the situation in Egypt with crowds of the worst educated and lowest class from the East-end of London swarming over the country, staking out lands, and taking possession of houses at nominal rents wherever fancy moved them, and naturally having continual and daily rows and conflicts with the wretched inhabitants of the country. This is what has happened in Korea, and although some Japanese immigrants have been punished and deported, yet the evil effects of the policy will remain; whatever advantage may have been gained for Koreans in currency and judicial reforms, by better administration and government, it is all forgotten by the inhabitants, who are exasperated by daily conflicts with the Japanese, and now regard that nation with a deep and bitter hatred.

Added to all this, the Japanese Government is experiencing increasing difficulty in meeting the heavy annual expenditure caused by its programme of naval and military expansion; everything taxable is already taxed up to the hilt, and the Government have already established monopolies wherever possible. Still the deficit remains, and more money has to be found to meet this ever-growing expenditure.

However much some may admire and sympathize with the Japanese in their difficulties, it is really no reason why their methods, when distinctly contrary to the terms of the treaty, and so detrimental to our own traders, should be allowed to continue without protest. For, stripped of all glamor

created in our minds by tales of picturesque scenery, graceful clothes, politeness from servants and acquaintances to the traveller, and many other pleasing elements in her national life, Japan and her ambitions must be calmly considered with the possibility of their clashing with the interests of Great Britain and other nations. However much we may admire the many admirable qualities in her people, however strong may have been English sympathies for the smaller and young nation fighting for its very national existence, yet a true conception of her probable future policy should be our best guide in determining our national action.

Remember, Japanese regard Englishmen with only a shade less suspicion and dislike than they do other foreigners, and as public opinion in Europe and America gets more estranged from Japan and her commercial methods, we may expect to see the latent antipathy of the Japanese people toward foreigners, which is, I believe, very much stronger in China, show itself in violent outbursts of anti-foreign feeling. Again, English opinion in China cannot rid itself of the impression that the Japanese Government, in spite of her alliance with Great Britain, is not quite playing the game, and is doing nothing to check the anti-foreign or rather anti-white propaganda carried on by means of Japanese traders or Japanese priests and Chinese newspapers under Japanese control, of which there are a considerable number in circulation. There is too genuine ground for this belief, and the character of the articles in the Japanese-composed newspapers in China during the time of the unrest at Shanghai in 1905 is a positive proof of the assertion. These were distinctly inflammatory in character, and calculated to create in the Chinese mind the impression that it was to Japan that the Chinese must

look in their endeavors to rid themselves of the foreigner.

Another ground of serious complaint against the Japanese is found in the fact that every European and American commercial house in China is suffering more or less from the improper imitation of foreign trade-marks by Japanese manufacturers, intended to deceive the Chinese buying public. Counterfeit labels, or with such very slight difference as to be indistinguishable by Chinese who cannot read English, are placed on inferior articles manufactured in Japan. In this way much inferior stuff of every description is being brought into China from Japan and foisted on the country as the genuine article at a lower price, to the detriment of the foreign manufacturer, whose reputation will be ruined and trade seriously damaged.

I have already mentioned how Great Britain and the United States alone of all the great Powers with commercial interests in the Far East do not desire more territory or further responsibilities, but stand for the maintenance of the open door policy and of equal rights to the traders of all nations. The two countries are being gradually but irresistibly drawn together, owing to the similarity of their national interests in the East, and also owing to the opposition of the peoples of California and British Columbia to the unrestricted immigration of Japanese laborers to those fertile regions.

The Japanese are amongst the most sensitive people in the world. By success in arms they have won their place amongst the great Powers of the world. The Japanese Government do not wish to see their laborers emigrate to the Pacific Coast, but they cannot and dare not make any written agreement with the Government of the States and Canada which shall, so to speak, acknowledge that Japanese laborers are undesirable immigrants for

other countries, and ought not to associate with other nationalities on terms of social equality. Such an agreement would be followed by outbursts of popular resentment throughout Japan, and might force the Government into action much against their will and judgment.

No doubt much may be said in favor of admitting labor from all the world to the undeveloped regions of the Pacific coast, and that in their slowness of development and material progress these countries will inevitably suffer. This may be true, but I am firmly convinced that the vast majority of all classes who have their homes on the Pacific coast have determined that the time has come to restrict, at any rate for the present, any further immigration of the kind. It is argued by some that this antagonism to Asiatic immigration is the result of agitation by the Labor unions. This is not true, and any one who cares to visit the Pacific coast will at once discover the very strong feeling existing amongst all classes of the community. The British Government has a most difficult problem in this matter both here and elsewhere, but any decided refusal to recognize that each portion of the Empire must have the right to regulate Asiatic immigration to its territory, reasonably but without harshness, would be followed by consequences most disastrous to the future integrity of the British Empire.

This dangerous question between Japan and the United States and Canada is peaceably settled for the present, but will, of course, break out again, and in a stage infinitely more acute and more certain to bring about combined action between Canada and the States. Now, then, I believe, is the time for the people of the English-speaking world to recognize the similarity of their national interests in the East, and for their Governments to fol-

low it up by an open and frank exchange of views which shall show a sincere desire to work in harmony whenever disturbing questions may arise for settlement in the East. Difficulties and disturbances, whether by revolution or on the death of the Dowager-Empress, are certain to come and may come at any moment, but a recognition of their mutual interests, and a sincere understanding between the British and American Governments, would ensure that Anglo-Saxon opinion would prevail.

Until quite recently the Government of the United States has adopted a conspicuously isolated attitude in all international questions in the Far East, and has invariably shown itself disinclined to confess to the world or to its own people that America's interests in the Pacific have substantially increased, and that in a corresponding degree their centre of gravity is gradually shifting towards that direction. With no direct responsibilities outside the American continent, this attitude of comparative unconcern towards international questions in the Pacific was perfectly natural, but with the acquisition of the Philippines and Hawaii this is no longer possible to the same extent. We may confidently assume that the policy, however unwillingly adopted after the Spanish war, of accepting the responsibility for the good government of these territories will under no circumstances be reversed. The American nation will oppose to the last any attempt to destroy its authority in these islands, and in the future, when America feels that her work is accomplished and she can safely withdraw, leaving the Government in the hands of an educated and enlightened people, she would still exert her authority to prevent the islands—as in the case of South America—falling under any foreign domination. For these reasons I am profoundly convinced that an un-



derstanding between Great Britain and the United States regarding the Pacific and the Far East generally is most desirable in the interests of both powers, which, as time goes on, might, and probably would, develop into mutual reliance and closer relations regarding international affairs all the world over.

In the meantime China wants sympathetic friends; she has started out slowly, as some may think, but surely along the road of military reform, according to Western notions. Financial and administrative reforms will also be found to follow. We cannot, even should we wish to do so, forbid her arming, and those who fear the rise of a Chinese military power would do well to remember that after another

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generation, when China may have trained her officers and organized her forces, the interest of her capitalists will be so strong and so mixed up with European interests, that although she may then possess the power, she will no longer have the desire to expel the foreigner engaged in legitimate business. To this end Great Britain and the United States should give every help to China in the organization of her new National Army, confident that, whilst restoring the balance of power in the East, so rudely upset by the growth of Japan as a naval and military power, it will at the same time be the surest guarantee for equal opportunities for the trade of all nations throughout the Chinese Empire.

*M. Kincaid-Smith.*

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## RENE BAZIN.

This essay will not attempt to measure the exact altitude of René Bazin's talent or to select the precise niche which he may occupy in the temple of French literature; nor will it make any elaborate comparisons between his talent and that of other writers by analyzing his style, his method, and his French: its aim is merely to give such an account of his books as may tempt people who have not yet done so to read them.

René Bazin is the author of several novels, sketches, and short stories, all so delicate and subtle in touch, so made up of fine shades and fancies hardly to be expressed in language, that one can scarcely help wondering how it comes about that the big public—the public who make books pay—have not missed the significance of the beautiful work put before them. Bazin's novels, however, go through many editions; some of them have actually been translated into German and Eng-

lish, and the circle of his readers widens every year. A study of his later books gives the explanation, for in them he has treated big themes. He has faced reality and fact, and described the emotions, fears, and hopes of humanity, without losing in the faintest degree the purity of his talent, and the spiritual insight which illuminates all his writings. His appeal therefore, is a wide one, for he has known how to combine the passionate insistence upon truth and probability, which our age demands, with the poetic idyllic quality often lacking in even the greatest realists. This combination is much less common than people generally imagine, for the exact temper of mind is rare. It is rare in idealists to shrink from no truth or pain—and in realists to pierce the obscure mass of facts and find some unifying experience or belief which can embrace them all.

Bazin's peculiar power as an artist



lies in his belief in the soul of man, his deep love for it, his persistent search for its presence in every form. He is an ardent Catholic, penetrated with the melancholy championship characteristic of modern French Catholicism, yet his theology is never obtruded, and, except for a special tenderness when he speaks of priests or nuns, it would not be easy to define his Christianity merely from his work. He has watched with unflinching eyes lonely struggles of spirit, failures, tragic degradations, futile victories. He has not trifled with truth or used miraculous interventions and unreal influences to help his theories; he has simply believed in the human soul, and sought for it. Thus his work, which blinks at no grossness or squalor, which sheds no unreal glamor over hard and distressing facts, yet remains essentially hopeful. It recognizes, instead of ignoring, the mystery which surrounds our being, and finds in pathetic manifestations of heroism and tenderness and a wisdom beyond this world's, evidence of the slow and painful progression of spirit.

In the earlier works, such as *Une Tache d'Encre* and *Ma Tante Giron*, this tenderness and belief impart great charm, and Bazin's intimate knowledge of the country and of country sights and sounds, wafts a breath of pure air through his story—birds and flowers and running water are incidental music to the happy little dramas he describes. Brunetière, in a speech delivered in 1904 before the Academy, in reply to Bazin's "*discours de réception*," says: "We did not meet enough wolves in your sheepfolds, or if we met them they were good wolves, wolves who always changed at the last into some kind of sheep." Yet Bazin's charming fancy and delicate tenderness were not ignored, and it was owing to *Ma Tante Giron*—a simple story of country life, with a love affair which does

not even go wrong—that he became a member of the staff of the *Journal des Débats*. We in England have no daily paper which corresponds to the literary daily—it is difficult for us to imagine a newspaper in which it would be an artistic and purely literary distinction to be asked to write. But there is no author in France, however distinguished, who would not be glad to run a novel through the *Débats*, sure as he would be of reaching those readers—always a small number in any country, but larger perhaps in France than anywhere—who have the taste for fine, unobtrusive work.

Bazin's novel, *Une Tache d'Encre*, appeared therefore, in the *Journal des Débats*, a novel which, though quite as charming as *Ma Tante Giron*, shows very little advance, and but the slightest foreshadowing of what was to come. The idea is attractive—a young student allowed to work in a private room of the National library, only open to those specially introduced, makes a damning spot of ink on a precious book—an early folio. He calls on the professor who was using it to express his contrition. Then he sees the daughter; she is equally precious. There is an old uncle in the country who objects to marriage on principle, and the story winds its way pleasantly through little difficulties, and across streams of placid provincial and academic life, until the couple are united.

Two years later came the real fore-runner of M. Bazin's best work, though not yet his best—*Les Noëlets*. But the next novel, *La sarcelle bleue*, is a reversal to his earlier manner, and is perhaps the best of what one critic has called his water-colors. Then came *Mme. Corentine*—a book ranking midway between the water-colors and the oils—and the charming notes of travel collected in various volumes, notes of travel not only in different countries, but in different souls. Our author is

never able to keep away long from the sons of the soil, and has a great faculty for choosing some small incident which seems to sum up and crystallize a vivid impression of the country he is describing and its peculiar influence. The volume called *En Province* contains an article on *le pays de Batz*, the great salt-cellar of France. It is here that the marshes are farmed for salt, which the lavish sea leaves behind when it retreats from the thousand canals and pockets dug for it. The salt-farmer, the Paludier, stands on the narrow ridges above the water of his marshes. His hand is so light that with one stroke of his rake he can push back the shallow water, and with the next draw to himself the deposit of gray salt—all this without disturbing the mud or destroying the levels. The movement, says Bazin, reminds one irresistibly of the Venetian gondolier's stroke. The salt is brought to the bank, piled upon little platforms, and left to drain. This is done twice in the day, and then the women come at night and collect it—some on horse-back, but most of them on foot, threading their way in the darkness along the narrow dykes with their petticoats above their knees, and no sounds in the air but the distant wash of the sea and the cries of sea-birds flying and wheeling overhead. They collect the salt, carry it in wooden buckets to a dyke near by, and empty their salt, as if it were corn, on to the piles.

It is a hard life to work all day in the fields or in a factory, and then at night to collect salt and brave wind and cold, with no company but the birds. There does not seem to be much room for the play of romance and fancy. Yet here, too, are the vague aspirations after love and happiness felt by every human being, thwarted by the rough cruelty and irresistible force of circumstance, which makes a man and his love pass each

other like ships in the night. It is to be hoped that the grace and charm of this little scene will not be altogether lost in the process of translation:—

In the season when the salt is gathered, one of the poor girls from the country town, who worked in the marsh on the Turballe side, asked herself why the birds had so much to say that night, and who had roused them. For the sea was coming in, and the moon in the misty sky only showed her small crescent for a moment, and was quickly hidden, quickly wrapped in the gray folds of the clouds. It was two o'clock in the morning. I do not know what had made her hasten—a happy temper, a desire for movement, a lightness in all her being; for courage has its seasons. She had finished carrying the salt earlier than usual, and stood protected from the wind by the huge pile, from which floated the scent of violets. She reflected that it would take her an hour to get home, and that she would have time to sleep a little before starting for Croisic, where the works, it seemed, had brought many thousands of sardines. A flight of plovers passed her like a storm, and brushed the dress of the young girl. "What is the matter with them to-day?" she said to herself. "I have heard it said that they have different ways of greeting people, according to what is going to happen. They cry so sweetly." And she saw at her side a man and a horse, both of whom she knew. The man was the son of the patron Yviguel, a rich paludier, and he held by the bridle a chestnut horse with a light dun-colored tail, which pastured generally in a bare field half-way to Saillé.

"Is it you, Donatienne?" said he. "I recognized you and dismounted. I am coming back from the Gueraude Fair, where I had business. If you like, jump up behind; you will get in sooner." As he spoke he drew off the covering thrown over the back of his horse, and when the girl answered that she was very willing, he lifted her like a feather. The horse went at a foot's pace beside the canal. Many times Donatienne had made the journey like

this, morning or night, sitting behind a native of the marshes, her arm resting on the shoulder of the rider to steady herself. But never had Yviguel's son, who came rarely to the salt fields, offered to take her, and he would not have dared to do it in the daylight, for she was known to be poor. Soon the beast broke into its little limping trot. The road was easily seen, because of the dust and the glimmer of the moon, but beyond everything was dim—the water and the solitary dykes. The wind blew from the south in long warm gusts. "These winds are good for ripening the water," said Yviguel, "but you are not afraid of work, are you, Donatienne?" And with his head bent towards his shoulder he looked at Donatienne's three fingers shining on the cloth of his coat. The plovers wheeled above them like a white crown. "Yes, my father has often told me that you are the best salt-carrier—the bravest."

"Oh, Monsieur Yviguel!"

"Without adding that you are the prettiest—"

And even though the road was not rough, the paludier felt that three fingers rested on his shoulder a little more firmly. And he went on talking to her, without seeing her, nor did she venture to answer him, for they both understood that all the words they said that night were like words of love.

The tower of Batz grew larger, quite black against the background lit by the early dawn. As they mounted the slope to enter the town, Yviguel discovered that the poor child had dropped asleep from fatigue. He held her with one arm, and turning, he kissed her on her eyes.

"You have arrived," he said.

And when she had jumped to the ground, they felt as if they could not separate, as if they had become really pledged, one to the other. They remained motionless, he on horseback in the middle of the narrow street, she on the threshold of the door, which she could not bring herself to open. It was the horse which moved first, being more anxious than its master to get home. The paludier for a moment thought of holding it in, then he plunged into the shadows, without ceasing to look at Donatienne, who looked

at him also, but whose outline grew more and more dim in the pale frame of the doorway. When the wind failed, the cries of the birds, very far away, very soft and clear, reached them still.

A few hours later, in the old cathedral square, when Yviguel met the young girl, he passed close to her without seeming to recognize her. What would you have? It was broad daylight, the square was full of people, and paludiers do not marry salt-carriers. Donatienne knew this well. She understood. But she dreams still sometimes of that return from the marshes, when the gulls never ceased to cry for her, and which has become the romance of all her life.

Bazin must have always been able to see and to love the hidden small heroisms of life, the feeble efforts of the soul to express itself, but between the years 1893 and 1897 one cannot but guess that some intimate experience of the effect of sin and sorrow upon a nature dedicated to the service of love had deeply stirred the heart of the author, and caused his vision to embrace sadness and degradation, without losing hold of the light beyond. *De toute son âme* is the story of a girl, one Henriette Madlot, the niece of an old artisan who knows the secret of her birth, knows that she is the illegitimate daughter of his own employer. She has no suspicion that her uncle Eloi Madlot is not her uncle at all, and that Antoine is only her half-brother. Antoine knows, and he is profoundly jealous of his sister's grace and talent. She is a modiste, and the ribands and flowers combine themselves under her hands with a peculiar beauty. Her trade, as well as her hidden birth, have given her a refinement and distinction which lifts her above, but not beyond, her fellows. She has a great power of love in her, but gradually, as the time goes on, her love goes out in service to all the poor and the maimed, and not to Etienne Loutral, the fisher in the Loire, the man who yearns for her.

She gives herself at last with all her soul—*de toute son âme*—and becomes a nun, not in any crisis of disillusionment or disappointment, but because the sorrow and the vice which she has seen on all sides of her have awakened in her that passionate love for humanity, which leads her inevitably to the feet of One who has suffered and loved and redeemed.

The book is full of beautiful things easily enough missed. Mr. Gosse, for instance, talks of it as a failure, and as not likely ever to be read in England, being too sentimental, too like books of the *Mary Barton* type, of which we are tired. It is years since I read *Mary Barton*, but I venture to think that Mr. Gosse has looked only at the social problem side of this French novel, which, though interesting enough, is but the setting for the exquisite drama of a pure soul. Brunetière, writing of it, talks of "the boldness of the subject," which he desires to praise "for the edification of all those who will see nothing but an innocent idyll in the story of the youth and the vocation of Henriette Madiot"—the beautiful girl, tall and supple, with fair hair and pale sea-green eyes. Her character is revealed by many charming touches. Henriette, with her artistic tastes, "smiles more easily at things than at people"; Henriette hardly knew that she possessed "the tender smile which caresses from a distance," but knew that "one must not touch certain wounds even to heal them"; knew she was lovely, but "smiled at the miseries of the world, like a mother who moves forward to lift up a child in tears."

*La terre qui meurt* analyzes in the story of one family a sad tendency of our modern life—the desertion of the soil; one of those strange migratory movements of which no man can tell the end. The Lumineau family live on a farm in the Vendée, which has

been held in their name for many generations. The book opens when Lumineau, after several bad years, is being pressed for his rent by the agent. The old *métayer* is prepared for any sacrifice; he loves every rood of his fields, and believes that his sons will follow in his steps and plough and sow, and force the land to yield its full measure. But one by one his hopes fail. First his eldest son Mathurin—*Le grand Lumineau*—a man remarkable for his beauty and his great strength—is made a hopeless cripple by an accident with one of the carts. The old Lumineau has to turn to his second son, François, the third, André, being away on military service. But François and his sister Eleonore are moderns—they hate the life of toil; they want to have their money and go to the town. François refuses to help with the rent, and finally gets a post on the railway, and leaves the farm, taking Eleonore with him. All hopes are set on André's return. But the handsome, strong soldier finds the life intolerable. The struggle seems to him hopeless, and at length he also goes and emigrates to the new countries where a man can own his land and make his life.

There is no one left to the old *métayer* but a useless cripple and the little faithful daughter, Marie Rose—called Rousille. She has already given her money. She has endured everything, even to the dismissal of the man she is engaged to—a "valet" hired by her father, a man of the "Bocage," not the "Marais"—poor, obscure, beneath her, but with a strong loyal nature and a love of the soil. The old father, forced to hire laborers, to sell oxen, to give up cultivating parts of his farm, to work himself when his limbs are stiff, turns at last to the alien, the man from the "Bocage," and tells Rousille she may marry her Jean Nesmy. The book has a truly Shakespearean ending, for when the tragedy is at its

height, new life from outside comes in, and the hope of another generation to succeed him lightens the end of the old farmer's days.

This slight account can hardly give any idea of the perfect balance of form and emotion attained—nothing is strained or forced into place—the order is natural, the characters are real. Bazin draws with intense sympathy the pathetic struggle of the old farmer against decay, and makes the reader feel the treachery of his children in leaving him, and yet also understanding their despair at the bondage to this old claim, which forces them to live without an ambition or a future that can fire their modern imaginations. When the old order changes, giving place to new, there are transitional periods of deep suffering. So slowly do human affairs evolve themselves that what we see is probably not the new at all, but only the ugly, unformed outskirts of a new order. The young and the old alike are victims of some little-understood movement.

The next book, *Les Oberlé*, is very different, and its great popularity in France is easily understood, for it is the story of a young Alsatian of good family, rich, and with a business career before him, in whom the hatred of Germany—or it would be more true to say the love of France—grows and grows until at last it dominates him entirely, and he finally leaves his military service, makes a dash for the frontier, and huris himself into France. He is friendless and penniless, but he is in France, and that is enough for him.

One cannot imagine a subject more likely to appeal to a race in whom the love of their country is a religion, and who have never recovered in their hearts from the loss of the two provinces. The peculiar impartiality of our author is conspicuous here also. He does not draw the German masters in

lurid colors; he shows us the greater portion of the people resigned and quiet, if not enthusiastic, some of them, from ambition, burying all their traditional attachment to the other allegiance, and throwing themselves with enthusiasm into the new ideals. But here and there are souls who find it impossible to acquiesce, in whom the old hereditary affection still glows, and who cannot forget the wounds of France. They live on, they loyally obey, but deep in their natures there is the return. "Let France not forget them," cries Bazin in an article called *L'Ame Alsacienne*. "Children," he says again in a speech at the Alsace and Lorraine Orphanage, "wherever you go, something infinitely touching will go with you: the name of a country effaced from the map, but living in the heart."

*Le Guide de l'Empereur* has the same background of patriotic emotion. In its way this story seems to me to be the best thing M. Bazin has ever done, and I cannot refrain from trying to give some idea of it. An old French soldier, Captain Audouin, and his daughter Veronique live in the little town of Toul, close to what they are now obliged to call the German frontier. They live entirely on Veronique's earnings as a music mistress. She is ugly and tender, and is ready to devote her life to her father. He dreams always of his soldiering—of war—of the time to come when the Prussians will be driven back again. On a terrible night of storm a woman knocks at the door of their house. She says she is going to drown herself in the Moselle, but wants to leave her seven days' old baby behind her. Her husband has lost his work and has deserted her. Old Audouin and Veronique do all they can, and keep the woman and baby for the night. In the morning Marie Hüber says she must go; her husband may come back. Her



thoughts are plainly with him, and not with the baby. She goes away and does not return.

Meanwhile, Audouin has discovered that Hüber, the father, is a German, and he will have none of the baby—it shall go to the police, to an orphanage, anywhere. But Veronique wins him by suggesting that he should bring up the child as a French soldier, and the idea of this revenge delights and decides him. Later, he finds the man was Alsatian, and he is more than consoled.

For fourteen years they love and cherish the foundling. Audouin imbues him with military ambition and with the dream of avenging France. But the terrible day comes when the German father sends an application to the *procureur* for his son, confided to the care of Captain Audouin. The old soldier cannot give him up. Veronique knows that they must. The boy himself shall decide. Audouin appeals to him in the name of all the love and affection lavished upon him, and in the sacred name of France. Charles will decide nothing till he has seen his Marraïne Veronique. In the morning he goes to her room—runs into her arms—asks her the fatal question, and in an hour or two is on his way to the unknown parents. He writes once every year—he always says he is her child and the Captain's. Then he has to serve his turn in the army—the German army.

The scene shifts to Strasbourg. It is a cold, frosty morning, with a wind blowing from the north. Four officers arrive at the station just before noon and mount the splendid horses waiting for them in the charge of porters. Two are sent to sound the alarm; the other two start across the great, deserted square. Every one is indoors on this bitter morning. The leader has his eyes fixed upon the distant rosy spire of the cathedral, clean cut against the

clear sky. As he rides out of the shadow, the sun shines upon the Emperor and finishes the moving statue, putting a flame on the visor and an al-grette on the point of the helmet. The Emperor passes the suburbs—improvements of the conquest—and rides into the old, beautiful town of Strasbourg. He does not know the way, and his *aide-de-camp* sees a soldier hurrying along. They stop him—it is Charles Hüber. The Emperor sees the blue eyes and sensitive lips trembling with the fear which seizes the soul; he knows in a moment that the man is French. He takes him for his own service, and tells him to lead him quickly to the ground—the Emperor must be there first.

It is six years since Charles Hüber had seen old Captain Audouin, but he thinks of him at once. He gets red as he remembers how his godfather would suffer—would cry—to see him guide the German Emperor in a Strasbourg street for a rehearsal of war. But Charles thinks, "He would certainly tell me to do my duty—assuredly he would."

Charles Hüber walks, head up, so quickly that the horses do not have to slacken pace a moment. He thinks he can hear Captain Audouin call out: "*Bien marché, petit.*" The Emperor, when they arrive, dispenses him from the review, and tells him he may go back to the barracks or he may look on. Charles Hüber salutes the Emperor. At the bottom of his soul there is something which is grateful—but, of course, he may not speak. He will remain, so as not to look as if he despised the offer of the chief, in spite of the icy cold which is beginning to penetrate him. He stays all through the bitter afternoon, meaning to rejoin his regiment, which was the first to arrive. But he is driven to hospital—he is ill—he has pneumonia. At the end he is to die, and he sends for his



foster-parents. Only the Captain comes, because of the expense. The little book must be read to get any idea of the exquisite pathos and beauty of their meeting—the old Frenchman's anger with the Germans, with the Emperor, his despair at the defeat of his secret hopes, his muttered "I have wasted my life," heard by the doctor, and then the boy's answer, when he says quickly that he thought of his godfather as he guided the Emperor, and that the Emperor had been good to him.

Before he leaves, the old man turns to the doctor. "Sir," he says, "I said I had wasted my life, but I see now that I have not. Forgive me! You have heard his words." The German soldier bows his head. "He has just spoken of his chief as my father spoke of his Emperor. It is the French manner, mine, sir, that I taught him. But I did not know if he had understood me. I did not know if he remembered."

The heroism of unknown obscure lives—what pathos and what encouragement there is in the thought of them. It is M. Bazin's peculiar gift to see and understand the little hidden graces of the soul which may bring tears to the eyes from their apparent futility and wasted effort, but which put a certain pride into the heart of common humanity. Bazin has also the faculty for choosing incidents which, without a hint being given, are really expressions of some of the greatest movements and endeavors, not only in France, but in all human nature.

Sometimes I think this is the whole secret of short stories—to find or to observe an incident which is not only interesting or touching in itself, but is representative, typical—an incident which is a microcosm, showing in small what happens in great, awakening in the memory of the reader such of his own experiences as belong to the strong

currents in the world. There is not time in a short story to analyze character. The story is a picture, and just as a painting arrests the imagination more by what it suggests than by what it reproduces, so should a short story recall and represent more than it actually describes. The sketch then becomes part of a general experience, and not merely a detached fragment, curious or exciting, but eccentric and isolated.

There is a short sketch of our writer's, called *Le Petit de Treize Ans*, which describes with a touching fidelity the home of a little family—the father, who works in a charcoal store; the mother and four children, of whom the eldest, Etienne, is thirteen. They have had a hard struggle, but the mother has always managed to clothe and feed them, and Etienne is just about to enter the rope factory, and proud he will be to contribute to the general store, for he has always understood, and of late has shown his mother a special tenderness.

He comes in on a cold night, bringing the family bread, and then, before they begin their supper, the mother calls the children for their evening prayer, which is never missed or forgotten. But Etienne does not come. "You must have prayers without me," he blurts out; "I can't say them any more." He tells her that he no longer believes in God, and then, knowing how he hurts her, he flings himself into her arms, and they have a little whispered talk. Friends, apprentices, books have opened his eyes. "You see, mother, we don't belong to your time, we others . . . we believe in science."

The mother was not at all clever. She might have said simply, in defence of her faith, "It is that which made me what I am—I whom you love." But she did not say it. The boy stands firm, in spite of his father, who

tries to interfere, in spite of his mother's tears, which break out during the prayers and for a long time after. "It was the race which cried also, the humble race—Christian for more than a thousand years, and which suffered from the wound of this evening, and which trembled."

She waited for two or three evenings in vain. On the fourth day the mother did not wait any more. She began the prayer at once, and it seemed as if a new habit had been formed. Only when the children got up she remained on her knees on the tiles. One minute passed, two minutes, five minutes; they saw her bent figure, her old, gray, woollen shawl shaken by sobs that no one heard, her cap making a sort of aureole in the darkness from without, which filtered through the window-panes. They ran round in a circle shouting, as they did every evening. Jacques passed close to his father, who was smoking in his corner, and who stretched out his hand and seized the child by his breeches.

"Stop!" said the man roughly.

"Why?"

"And you are to stop like this every evening."

The child pointed at the bent form across the room. "What is she doing?" he asked. "Prayers are over."

The carter, who had known his wife for twenty years, answered, "She is saying Etienne's prayers now."

And it was true.

Does not this little scene conjure up many thoughts? Bazin is a Catholic, and mourns deeply the absence of faith in the new generation. He fears for it, and while he recognizes the element of courage and truth that exists in all honest disbelief, he is anxious for souls in peril. Then he remembers that there are in France many people "whose minds are deceived, but whose hearts are intact," thousands of others who quietly and unostentatiously pre-

serve their faith and their pure living—the sane and healthy roots of the great nation—and he wonders if these may not pray for the rest. It is Catholic France weeping for her brothers in the person of Etienne's mother.

There are two or three books I should like to describe if there were space: *Donatienne*, the story of the peasant woman, who goes to Paris as a wet-nurse and falls into evil ways; *L'Isolée*, the girl who has taken refuge in a convent because she is afraid of the world. Her refuge is destroyed by the modern State, and she goes out more defenceless than before. And last, there is a book just published called *Le Blé qui lève*.

The new and the old order again come into conflict, as in *La Terre qui meurt*, but the struggle is even deeper and more fierce. It is not simply the pull of the town against the country, of social life against isolation; it is the revolt against the ideal—itself elevated to the ranks of an ideal. It is the distrust of all forms of religion, the hatred of the class below for the class next above it. The woods are felled and replanted, but the men work sullenly and grudgingly. Their Union does not allow them to give zeal and keenness; they must not be on good terms with their employer; above all, they must not do extra work at a lower rate. The impulse for life and action is hatred, not love or reverence. The picture is sad, and the note of hope sounding through it does not carry much comfort. To Bazin there seems no possibility that his Church may fail to regain its hold on these surging democrats. He relates the life-history of one of them, and brings him back to the faith at last. He gives, in a masterly chapter, the experiences of a poor parish priest, who has put off from day to day, from month to month, going the round of his people to beg money for the Church. They are all

Socialists. Their creed for the moment is hatred and envy, and no one comes to Mass. The result, a greater response than was ever hoped for, is told with perfect impartiality, and there is a beauty, a tenderness, and, above all, a truth in this description which lifts it to the level of Bazin's very best work. On the whole, however, I confess to a slight feeling of disappointment. The book is a little long, a little dim in portraiture, the canvas too crowded. Perhaps the thesis, the advocacy, is too much insisted upon, the remedy too obviously prescribed. We are not all agreed as to its efficacy; we are not quite convinced that the corn will spring in just those furrows. But the criticism is captious, because, of course, the corn will spring again, somewhere, somehow.

Peasant life as a subject suits the particular character of Bazin's talent admirably. He is not a profound analyst of human motives; he sees things simply, and, were it not for his spiritual vision, one might almost say that he sees in outline. His characters are strongly, not subtly, drawn. They form part of the general picture of life and its surroundings, but are not set in a chemical isolation. Bazin's great love and knowledge of nature in her manifold aspects make him able to seize infallibly the intimate relation of the peasant to his soil, his crops, his weather. When he has drawn for you a picture of the man waiting in the stable among his bullocks while the rain drives against the roof, made you smell the warm air within and the damp cold without, you are already half inside the peasant's skin in *Le Blé qui lève*. You realize the externals of his mood so vividly that hardly any other touch seems necessary. But Bazin is always looking at the soul. No two writers less alike could be found than Bazin and Maeterlinck, and

yet phrases of the mystic, concerning the shy timidity of the soul, of its infallible knowledge, its eloquent silence, its sure touch, continually occur to the mind when reading some of the French novelist's scenes.

It would be easy enough to make a list of qualities and special gifts possessed by other writers in a larger degree than by Bazin. He is not, for instance, capable of the detached and brilliant irony of Anatole France, of the smile which is so deftly hidden that it is not always recognized. He feels too deeply with his characters ever to laugh at them. Humor is not a strong element in his vision, though it would be untrue to say it is totally lacking; he has what one might call a preventive sense of humor—vigilant enough to guard him from ever writing a line which makes the reader smile inadvertently, but rarely active enough to raise laughter. Again, Bazin's descriptions of scenery, though full of beauty and suggestion, have not the wonderful, sensuous vividness of Pierre Loti's words. Bazin worships nature; Loti exploits it; to one the sunset is a symbol of beauty; to the other it is a feast for his eyes. But the sensuous vision is sometimes thick-sighted. Loti has a tiresome trick of obtruding his personality everywhere, while Bazin is absorbed in the lives and scenes he describes, and his own attitude, his own reaction, concern him not at all.

One criticism upon our author is often made. He is said to be afraid of *les grandes passions*, and, in consequence, to provide us only with pale anæmic fare. Never was a more unjust verdict. It is quite true that he dabbles not at all in the terrors and delights of illicit love affairs. There are many other writers ready to do that, for the Parisian public has long been fed upon stories of the elegant, *détaché*, irresistible hero, who, in his turn, never resists the enchantress with

her scent from the Rue de la Paix. Pride in the conquest of women is one of the strangest pieces of human vanity, only less strange than pride in the conquest of man. It is surely rather *démodé*, and certainly vulgar, to lavish so much admiration on a very ordinary achievement. It reminds one of the worship of beer-drinking heroes in Germany, and prize-fighting roughs in England. In France the whole game of the pursuit of women has had a glamor thrown over it by consummate writers, but its charm and fascination as a subject for literature really date from what one might call the artificial ages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The serious glorification of a man because he is an adept at what is euphoniously called gallantry suits a time when to dress well, to dance gracefully, to speak wittily, were the best roads to favor. In rooms superbly decorated and furnished, in coats of velvet and brocade, with lace cravats and jewelled pins, the very sword-hilts studded with diamonds, hands sparkling with rings as they held scented, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs to keep the smells of Paris from coming between the wind and their nobility, the French gentlemen of that time carried into their love intrigues the brave *insouciance*, the careless cynicism, the brilliant verve which made them such keen soldiers, but which made them also indifferent to the great forces stirring underneath; the bitter cry of the oppressed, the re-

volt against a life so artificial and so cruel. But in these times the trappings are all faded; there are no swords or snuff-boxes, no velvet coats; the hair is not powdered, and life is not now like the dancing of a minuet. It is time to throw off the worship of gallantry, just as the civilized world has thrown off the worship of mere brute force.

I for one am tired of the strutting cocks in French literature, and the frail, insidious women. I believe the stories woven round these characters to be nowadays the refuge of weak and inexperienced pens, for success is far easier to achieve when the appeal is made frankly to the senses of the readers. There are many, to quote Bazin's own remark, "whom words corrupt as much as the passions themselves," and a spurious vogue and fictitious popularity can be most easily attained in this way. But it may be conceded at once that because Bazin is innocent of the fierce delight in corruption of Flaubert or Guy de Maupassant, he is not on that account greater than they. Treatment, not subject, reveals the artist. It is only contended that inferior writers often attract readers by easy and meretricious methods, and that it takes a seer, a creator—in one word, an artist—to rouse in his readers a new insight and a new sympathy; to thrill them with pity or love for what they have never before noticed—to stir in them tender thoughts and hopes foreign to their ordinary lives.

*Edith Lyttleton.*

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE, ENGLAND?  
MY ENGLAND?"

After the strenuous night and day which saw the Scythian entry into Bala, there came a lull of a week. One

or two anxious husbands of patients arrived at the hospital from distant villages, to reclaim their wives from the hands of the Miss Sahibs, but finding that the *pardah* character of the place stood in no danger of infringement, reluctantly left them. As it happened,

Eleanor was not once called out at night, much to her relief, for she had a conviction, which she herself knew to be unreasonable, that her presence had power to avert any number of disasters which might happen if she were absent. The out-patients were beginning to return, though in small numbers, and ready to flee if the Scythian sentry before the isolation building so much as looked at them, and Vashti was keeping her compact loyally, and ruling the other nurses far more strictly than Janie had ever done. The Scythian patient—whose rightful designation of Lieutenant Count Evgueni Filaretovitch Krasinsky was shortened into Count Eugene for common use—was doing well, after two days and nights of great anxiety for Janie and Dr. Schmidt, and the burly Vanka proved to be a simple-minded, willing fellow, who won the confidence of the children completely by carving wonderful things out of chips of wood, and placing them just beyond the sentry's beat for them to pick up. But for the frequent incursions of Dr. Schmidt, who had a way of marching into the drawing-room at all hours and demanding tea—he expected also cigarettes, but these were not forthcoming—and the daily visit of Mr. Brooke, the routine at St. Martin's was little changed. But Eleanor seldom visited her watch-tower, for to look down the road would be to catch a distant glimpse of the alien flags which waved over an enemy's camp and imprisoned Englishmen, and to look up towards Bala-tarin brought the reminder that the key to Central Asia was also a key to India.

The lull proved to be only the prelude to the gathering of another storm. As Eleanor made her round of the compound one morning, Arbutnot asked to speak to her, and since no one was within hearing, allowed himself to use English.

"The Begum's got into awful

trouble," he said. "She has always been such a pet of the Residents, that the state government have kept their eyes open for the chance of doing her a bad turn, and now they've got it. Two days ago they demanded from her something like forty years' arrears of land-tax, declaring that she had been assessed unduly lightly through the influence of the English. I wanted her to offer to pay by instalments, in the hope that things would be right again before she had lost much, but nothing would satisfy her but to defy the Rajah and vilify all his relations. Early this morning they sent troops to surround the house, and while I was parleying with them at the gate, some one—I believe it was Gokal Das—opened a side-door. They demanded of us all where the Begum's money was kept, and finally tied up Gokal Das and beat him. His howls were awful, and he confessed everything they asked him. I should say they made a clean sweep of whatever was in his charge, and they must have done well out of it. They ate and drank everything there was in the house, frightened the women out of their wits, and went away. Then out comes the Begum, who had stormed at them from behind the *pardah* without once stopping, declares that Gokal Das was in with them all along, and that his beating was only a blind, and wouldn't have hurt a cat. Much against my will, she packs him off—for I would rather have him in the house and keep an eye on him than know that he's spying about outside—scolds all the women till they don't know whether they're standing on their heads or their heels, and collapses."

"She is ill? You want me to go to her?" asked Eleanor.

"Not ill in body, but outraged in mind. She declares that her house is disgraced and she won't stay in it—talks of camping on the hills."

"But that would kill her! Shall I ask her to come here?"

"If you only would! I believe she has a soft spot in her heart for you, because of your kindness to me."

With the mental reflection that the soft spot must be very deep down indeed, Eleanor summoned Abdul Husain to attend her, and mounted the hill to the Begum's house. Barakat, shaken and tearful, welcomed her at the door, and tremblingly deplored her mistress's obstinacy in refusing to listen to the prudent counsel of Ghulam Qadir, in whose young head were surely united the wisdom of Naushirwan and of Sulaiman son of Da'ud. The Begum had set her servants to get out the tents she had used when she made the pilgrimage to Kerbela thirty years before, and avowed her intention of avenging the desecration of her home by encamping before the Rajah's palace and there perishing of grief and exposure. The vengeance appeared to the European mind somewhat inadequate, but Eleanor knew that in Bala it would be considered to inflict the deepest disgrace on the Rajah, while maintaining the honor of the Begum's family by preserving her seclusion. Anxious to prevent further strife, she asked whether the Begum would receive her. Barakat confessed that her mistress was lying on her bed, moaning and muttering to herself, but she did not seem to think that a visit from the Doctor Miss Sahib would prove soothing. At last, however, she consented to take Eleanor as far as the *pardah*, while she herself ascertained the Begum's pleasure. The result showed that the old lady's spirit was not weakened by her misfortunes.

"The Doctor Miss Sahiba!" came in strident tones from among the cushions. "Daughter of an evil mother, dost thou bring unbelievers to gaze upon the troubles of thy mistress? Bid her return to her house of bottles, and

continue to show kindness to the enemies of her nation! Has she no poison for the Scythian dogs? Truly the day of the English is over—all their men are dead. I, who have eaten their salt for fifty years, remain faithful, for the sake of the great ones who are gone, but their own women are traitors, and therefore am I left to show my faithfulness by death."

"Begum Sahib," put in Eleanor through the curtain, "come to us. We will show you all honor, and you shall find that even in misfortune the English do not forget their friends."

"The unbelieving doctor woman asks me to come to her house!" screamed the voice, after a pause of amazement. "Bid her keep it for her enemies, and not insult the faithful."

"But surely it is better than the hillside?" pleaded Eleanor.

"Who spoke of the hillside? Praise be to God, the daughter of kings has still a roof and walls to call her own, and servants to do her bidding, though that pig Gokal Das be dividing with his fellow-swine the money that was in his charge! I will not stir."

"But are you safe?" Eleanor ventured. The Begum seemed to be struggling with wrath too extreme for utterance, and Barakat managed to put in,

"If Ghulam Qadir might come——"

"He shall certainly come if you want him," said Eleanor.

"He shall not come!" shrieked the Begum. "He has the spirit of the English, not of the kings his forefathers!"

"Oh, very well. I only wanted to help you, Begum Sahib. Why should I give up my servant if he would be no use to you?"

A burst of tears followed—produced, so Eleanor could not help thinking, to cover the Begum's double discomfiture at having betrayed herself and at the recollection of Arbuthnot's present position—but at length broken sentences



became audible. The Begum was a poor miserable old woman, forsaken by her friends and oppressed by the wicked, and Ghulam Qadir had disgraced himself, but he was the only person she could trust. Finally, Eleanor gathered that it would be a real satisfaction to his great-grandmother if she would allow him to divide his time between the two houses, and sleep at the Begum's, and this she granted readily. As she returned to the hospital, however, a disagreeable thought struck her, which made her summon Arbuthnot to a second private conference.

"I believe you got me to invite the Begum here because you knew it would make her determined to stay in her own house!" she said to him sharply.

"Your invitation was given in all innocence, at any rate," he replied, adding, with the twinkle in his eye which always disarmed her, "If I had asked you to go for that special purpose, you wouldn't have done it, you know."

"And I suppose you put it into her head to ask that you should sleep there?"

"Surely you know that if I had, she would have banished me from her presence for months? You have to go by contraries with her, you see. No, you and Barakat have been kind enough to arrange the very thing I wanted without any prompting from me."

"I don't want any prompting from you," said Eleanor. "I hate all this underhand work in which you are constantly involving us. Why can't you be straightforward?"

"A difficult thing for a spy to be!" he said lightly.

"Then you are still doing that—that sort of thing?"

"Most certainly. Otherwise I should not be here. Come, I see I must confide in you, or you will manage somehow to give me away to the Scythians. But if the knowledge gets you into

trouble, you must put me right with Brooke." Eleanor nodded. "Well, then, you know that there are rumors of a disaster going about?"

"A disaster? to us—to the English?"

"Yes; we generally begin with a disaster or two, you know. But the thing can hardly have happened yet, and we'll hope it may be only an unintelligent anticipation of events. We know what bazar rumor is. But there can't be much doubt that a battle of some sort will take place before very long somewhere near Shah Bagh. Presumably the Granthistan troops are being rushed up there now to meet a Scythian force advancing from Kubbet-ul-Haj through the Kunji Pass. Whether we win or lose, you know as well as I do that there is certain to be a great loss of white officers, of whom there are already far too few. Here in Bala are seventeen of them doing nothing, and mad to get back to their regiments, besides a dozen or so of unmarried civilians who are Volunteers. I mean to get those thirty odd men out of the Rajah's clutches, and start them down to Gajulpur."

"Well done!" said Eleanor, in spite of herself. "If you can do that I will forgive you. But I must say, Ghulam Qadir, that you are the most unsatisfactory doorkeeper I have ever had, and I had dreadful experiences before getting Saif-ud-din."

"Like his predecessor," said Arbuthnot gravely, "this slave lays the turban of contrition at the feet of forgiveness—and bolts."

Another cause for perturbation presented itself that afternoon, when Janie returned from the isolation ward with her fair face flushed, and her head held very high.

"Burree, I won't go into that ward if Count Eugene has his friends to see him!" she exclaimed. "That Pavel Arseniévitich is the worst. He pretends

to be so tremendously polite, and then he talks about me to the others, pretending to think I don't understand."

"I always thought it was a pity you took Count Eugene's tea to him yourself," said Eleanor. "Let Yusuf do it."

"I thought if Count Eugene scolded and threw things at him as he does at Vanka, it would rob poor old Yusuf of the little wits he possesses," said Janie, with a wry face. "But he can carry the tray and give it to Vanka. Oh, Burrree, isn't it *horrid*? I didn't think there were such men, except in books. It makes me feel all shivery and creepy."

"It is monstrous," said Eleanor. "I suppose we can't exclude Count Eugene's friends from that part of the compound, but there is no need for you to stay there now, Janie. If you do the dressings and look in occasionally, that will be enough. Then you needn't even meet them. Besides, I will ask Mr. Brooke if he doesn't think their visits might be kept to fixed hours."

"Oh, don't ask Mr. Brooke!" cried Janie vehemently. "I'm tired of his name. You and I have always got on all right together without bothering about men, Burrree. I'll do anything you tell me, but don't bring him in."

"Why, Janie! When he has been so kind!"

"I don't care! A little dried-up wretch of a man, dragging out his words li-like that-a-at!"

"He doesn't drag out his words," said Eleanor indignantly. "I like his deliberation in answering. It shows that he always gives thought to what you ask him."

"Three weeks ago neither of us had ever seen him, and now we can't decide what to have for dinner without consulting him!" cried Janie.

"Three weeks? Nonsense! But I suppose it is only three weeks. But the King's Birthday and the day after,

Janie! When a person has stood by you through a time like that, you feel as if you had known him all your life."

"I don't. I feel that he is a horrid interfering creature, who has thrust himself in between you and me."

"Mr. Brooke is my friend, Janie," said Eleanor, deeply wounded.

"You never wanted any friend but me before. But as soon as a man comes in, of course——"

"Janie, don't! How can you be so unkind? If you realized the comfort it has been to have Mr. Brooke to appeal to——"

"That's just what I complain of. You never wanted any one to appeal to before."

"We were never in such trouble before, you know that."

"Oh, we should have managed somehow. But don't think I grudge you your friend. Only I know what it means."

"It doesn't mean anything but that he thinks we may need his help, and comes to offer it."

"And he doesn't like coming, and you don't like seeing him? Burrree," tragically, "you can't deceive me. You know you watch for him all day till he comes!"

"Janie, you are horrid!" protested Eleanor, her face hidden by a convenient medical paper hastily opened.

"Why don't you say I oughtn't to think of such things when the country is in danger?" persisted the merciless Janie.

"I was just going to, but I knew you would say I was only trying to get out of answering you."

"Guiltily conscience! You confess, then?"

"There is nothing to confess. Janie, why won't you see? I—I find his friendship such a pleasure that I have no wish—I am almost afraid—to think of anything further."

"Oh, Burrree, what superstition!"

Janie's good humor was fast returning. "But that will come later."

"I don't know. Oh, Janie, don't tease me." Eleanor's voice was almost inaudible. "It's rather terrible to be an elderly woman with—with the feelings of a girl."

"Oh, I am a brute, a beast!" cried Janie, rushing to her friend and drowning further words with a vigorous embrace. "I was jealous, and I didn't know it. I thought I was thinking of you, and I was only thinking of myself. Oh, don't cry! I'll say Mr. Brooke is brisk and strenuous, if that will please you!"

Eleanor forced a smile, and Janie was forgiven, knowing that she did not deserve it. She was even more ashamed of herself the next day, when Count Eugene's friends, finding that she did not appear at tea-time in the isolation ward, invaded the drawing-room, with the ostensible purpose of paying their respects to Eleanor. These gilded youths had accompanied the expedition in the hope of seeing some fighting, they declared, but it appeared as though the object of their pilgrimage was rather what is euphemistically termed "life." Their views were Decadent, and their tastes, if their own account of them was to be trusted, gruesome in the extreme. Prince Pavel Bakhmatoff, the leader of the band, thought the surprise and massacre of the British agent at Bala-tarin and his escort—considered purely in the light of the artistic effect of blood against snow—an agreeable subject with which to entertain two English ladies. Eleanor's protests were literally talked down, and Janie was growing whiter and whiter, when Mr. Brooke, who had come up as usual with Dr. Schmidt, walked in, and the situation changed. Neither Eleanor nor Janie could make out how he did it, for there was about him an air of genial tolerance of the follies of youth that might have been expected to encourage Prince Pavel to

proceed with his impressionist word-sketches, but the gusto faded out of the young man's tone, and the subject dropped. It was a little difficult to find topics for conversation when the state of public affairs and the probable movements of the British and Scythian forces were all out of the question, but Mr. Brooke led the talk skilfully to the natural features of Bala and the racing capacities of its ponies, and kept it there. When the Scythians were gone, he unbent for a moment from his attitude of urbane dignity.

"I scarcely expected to have to rescue a doctor and a nurse from the discussion of strictly professional matters," he observed slowly.

"It wasn't professional!" cried Janie. "Even Mr. Cholmeley-Smith was better than these creatures. They like looking at blood because it is red, and dead bodies because of their distorted attitudes, and they call it artistic. There's something so horribly unhealthy about them. I can't think who Pavel Arseniévitich reminds me of—oh, I know. He's exactly like a Beardsley picture!"

The "Beardsley picture" was destined to meet Janie's eyes fairly often, for Prince Pavel and his friends established a kind of siege of the hospital. Eleanor said severely that if Janie had not shown her horror of them so plainly they would not have cared to come, but she knew that her own dislike to them was equally responsible for the intrusion. There seemed to be nothing in the minds of these young men that was not elegantly corrupt, and they found a peculiar piquancy in displaying their culture and their corruption to the two Englishwomen. Mr. Brooke, who was only allowed to leave the prison camp once a-day, and in company with Dr. Schmidt, could not always time his arrival so happily as on the first occasion, and when Eleanor, goaded to desperation, told Prince Pavel that she could not receive him and

his friends again, he had a weapon ready to his hand.

"I am sorry," he said. "Hitherto my uncle, the General, has listened to my representations and allowed you to remain here, madame, in spite of the constant assertions of the Hindus that this place is a hotbed of anti-Scythian intrigues. But if my friends and I are to be excluded, it becomes clear that they are right. In that case, we shall requisition all the buildings, and you and the pretty mutinous little Sister Janie will join your countrymen at the camp."

The heavy-lidded eyes held a menace as to the fate of the women and children on the compound which turned Eleanor sick, and she capitulated. Thus things went on until one dreadful day when a *feu de joie* was heard from the Scythian camp, and out-patients brought word that the foreign soldiers were all embracing one another and burning candles to the pictures of their gods. Presently Arbuthnot, calling Eleanor's attention to something as she passed him, slipped a tiny piece of paper into her hand, whispering, "From Brooke—brought by my old *shikari*. Burn it," and she took it into the surgery and opened it with dire forebodings.

"*Payab Bridge blown up. Granthistan troops cut off.*" was what she read, and she realized that the Scythians had reason for their rejoicings. The great fortified bridge at Payab, one of the foremost feats of military engineering in the world, the link between Granthistan and the advanced post of Shah Bagh, gone, and a strong British force imprisoned on the wrong side of the river! They might fight their way back, might improvise some means of crossing, but she knew, as well as any soldier of them all, that they would now have to face not only the Scythians, who must have advanced by the Sarasgala Pass, as well as through the Kunji,

but the frontier tribes—those assiduous adherents of the cult of the Jumping Cat. She showed Janie the message before she struck a match and burned it.

"And those—those fiends—will come and gloat!" cried Janie, ever alive to the actual. "What can we do?"

"Set our teeth and endure, I suppose," said Eleanor doggedly. "If we do begin with disasters, at least we generally come out victorious. That's better than the other way about."

"I believe they've come already," cried Janie. "So early! Isn't it abominable of them? Oh, Burree, look! Mr. Brooke was trying to get here and tell us first, and they won't let him."

Mr. Brooke's small figure was almost hidden by the huge one of Prince Pavel as they crossed the courtyard together, the Scythian holding him firmly by the shoulder, while Dr. Schmidt and another of the noble volunteers followed. "No, no!" the smoothly modulated words reached Eleanor and Janie in the drawing-room; "you will not soften the news, my friend, I will break it to the dear ladies myself."

"Beast!" muttered Janie viciously, as the visitors burst in like a cataract. Prince Pavel, releasing Mr. Brooke, stood in the middle of the room and called for brandy in which to drink the Emperor's health—a loyal ceremony which he appeared to have performed several times already. The means were wanting on this occasion, however, and he condescended to inform his hostesses without further delay that the Granthistan troops had been cut to pieces to the last man, that the territory north of the river was entirely in Scythian hands, and that Scythian forces were pouring through all the passes to support the body now holding what had been the bridge-head at Payab. "And that is not all!" he concluded triumphantly. "India is in a blaze. The populace has risen every-

where against the English. It is another Mutiny, but far more deadly, because universal."

"The Viceroy has escaped from Simla!" put in his companion.

"Escaped!" said Eleanor contemptuously. "No doubt he has gone down to Calcutta to be at the heart of things."

"No, to be near his ships." "But that will be no good!" came from the two Scythians, but Dr. Schmidt interrupted them imperiously.

"No, I tell this. It is my right; I claim it. Ladies, the star of England has set for ever. Simultaneously with the appearance of our forces beyond the Kunji, the British Fleet——"

"Which British Fleet, if you please?" asked Mr. Brooke, but his interposition passed unnoticed.

"——Was attacked off Gibraltar by the combined fleets of Hercynia and Neustria, and practically annihilated. Simultaneously again, a Hercynian force of great strength was transported across the North Sea, landed without difficulty on the shores of the Wash, and is marching on London. The only opposition offered was at Fenley, where the town and cathedral have been burnt."

"Seems an extraordinary amount of simultaneity about it!" muttered Mr. Brooke, but Eleanor had risen from her chair.

"Fenley? not Fenley?" she gasped.

"I may be wrong. It is the cathedral city between the Wash and London—not far from the Wash," said Dr. Schmidt politely.

"It is Fenley. Oh, England, England!" The cry rang in their ears as Eleanor broke through them and ran blindly out of the room. Janie turned upon the men.

"I hope you're satisfied now!" she cried fiercely. "Miss Weston was born near Fenley, some of her people live there. And you come and boast to her that they are probably all killed. I

hope your country and your Emperor are proud of you. They ought to be!"

But even Janie did not know the full strength of the blow that had broken down Eleanor's self-control. She had never been told of the glorious summer evening—a landmark in the mental history of the silent, plodding girl who was believed to be unimaginative because she was reserved—when the view from a certain hill-top had burst upon Eleanor like a vision. Golden cornfields, green water-meadows, dark trees embowering historic houses, and in the distance shadowy hills and a glimpse of cathedral towers—from that moment this had meant England to Eleanor. "This is England!" she had murmured—"the precious stone set in the silver sea," the England which 'never did and never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,' the England which Alfred and Elizabeth made, for which Sidney and Wolfe and Nelson fought and died!" And now the army which forty years before had trodden Neustria under iron feet was marching along those white roads, leaving smoking ruins behind.

"I should like," said Mr. Brooke with great politeness, "to know when you received this news, doctor. I heard nothing about it at the camp."

"It is not official—not like the news from Payab," replied Dr. Schmidt reluctantly. But it is a fact, none the less. The Emperor Sigismund pledged himself to this simultaneous action."

"I see—a *pucca bundobust*," commented Mr. Brooke. "Well, considering that the Emperor Sigismund's support has a way of not materializing when it is expected, I think, Miss Wright, that you might inform Miss Weston that her friends are probably safe in their own homes, and Fenley Cathedral standing as firm as it has done for several centuries."

"Sir!" cried Dr. Schmidt, bristling up;  
 "do you impugn the good faith of the  
 Hercynian Emperor?"

"Not at all—merely his powers.

Things may be pretty bad with us, but  
 I don't think he has had as much to  
 do with it as he no doubt intended."

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

### THE POEMS OF MARY COLERIDGE. \*

It is a great pleasure to find in the ocean of modern literature a new book of poems, like this, which it is worth while to possess. It is possible to toll through hundreds of lines of some poetry with the feeling that it is all very good, well phrased, finely expressed, that, possibly, if it had been written in the reign of Elizabeth one would have thought it sincere and original, and yet to register the verdict that it is not living poetry at all. Any skilled artisan in words and rhythms can manufacture sound verse on good models, but a true poem is born, not made. The care expended upon improving and perfecting verse may, indeed, be rightly carried to the extremest point, and this work can be done at any time, and not necessarily, or even advisably, in moments of inspiration. It resembles the long and laborious education of a living child to be a good citizen of the world. But the essence or inner fire of a poem must be a living out-birth from the soul of the poet, else all this labor will resemble, not the education of a child, but the dressing and adorning of a doll. Indeed, the poems of a poet are, if they are real, very like a brood of well-born children, having certain characteristics of their race and their parent, and the spirit of the age in which they are born, but also a general culture which links them with the best of all ages, frees them from provincialisms of time and country, and makes them belong, as Matthew Arnold used to say, to the

Centre. Then they are living and sincere, and even if they do not excel in intellectual and imaginative qualities, they are citizens of the realm of poetry, and not imitative puppets. Whether they are great, or how great, is another and far less important matter. The important matter is that a poem should be a living thing, and perfect of its kind and within its scope. Great poems are as rare as great men of action. Leaving aside the lofty region of the epic and the highest drama, they are but few. Poems such as "Comus" or "Lycidas," Crashaw's "Vision of Satan," "Adonais" or "Tintern Abbey," "Thyrsis" or the "Morte d'Arthur," or certain noble creations of the genius of Francis Thompson, are stars widely spaced in our firmament. To deserve the title of "great" a poem must, I suppose, have a certain largeness of construction and theme. In the world of poems, as in that of men, there is room for qualities of all kinds. One can never have enough of the Beautiful, but it would be disastrous if the Sublime were too common. In the mood of most hours the company of a charming woman is more to be desired than that of an illustrious man, and a volume of Herrick is more refreshing than the "Prelude" or the "Excursion." To encounter Virgil, or Dante, or Milton a certain moral vigor is necessary, and is not always at hand. The lesser poetry, like the lesser music, is more useful to the mass of men engaged in the toils of life. Who would live in the high Alps? The lower valleys of Parnassus are more habitable than the

\* "Poems," by Mary E. Coleridge (Elkin Mathews, London, 1908).



loftier summits, though one may make the ascent now and then for the sake of exercise or the view.

The poems of Mary Coleridge are delightful newcomers to these pleasantest regions of song. They are charming in their variety of mood and humor, their gay daring and their brave sadness. The light, but master touch is in perfect harmony with the deep, half-veiled thought. There is the fascinating mystery of expression, lucid, but charged with the intimation of far more unexpressed than underlies the verse so delicately strong. These poems have nothing of the fatal secret of ennui—*le tout dire*—secret also of vulgarity. Thought and feeling could hardly be more swiftly conveyed. Many of the poems have the instantaneousness as well as the soft brilliancy of summer lightning, for a moment rescuing the landscape from darkness. Theirs is unexpectedness—dear spirit of Romance—charming us as it does to follow by changing and uncertain lights a winding woodland path. Their beautifully moulded lines cling to the memory with that singular vividness with which the impress of certain men and women remains long after they are seen no more. Why is it that each separate motion, turn of gesture, tone of voice of these rarer persons remains indelibly imprinted, while other memories swiftly fade into indistinct generalities? Rossetti wrote "Beauty like hers is genius" with the utmost truth, because a certain beauty impresses keenly like works of genius. Men and women in real life, by virtue of some higher vitality, or clean-cut distinctness of nature, or sometimes, perhaps, less opaque veillings of materiality, stand out here and there, in the eyes of all, in that glory which every lover sees in his beloved during the brief season of illusion. So also some works of poetry, or music, or sculpture, stand out amid the crowd. Those they are

which are born out of the deepest spirit of their creators by force of concentrated meditation and desire, and have received the utmost perfection of outward expression by the processes of refining art. They are the children of genius, the masculine creative power, and of patience, the feminine formative quality. For the origination, though by no means for the elaboration, of poetry a certain process of entrancement is necessary. The outer intellect and sense must for a space be laid to sleep, so that the inner or deeper being of the creator—the Muse, as the ancients would have said—may inspire. A true artist cannot work with eyes turning towards public opinion, and therefore cannot be guilty of affectations, tricks of style, or conscious and intentional mannerisms. His style will be distinct, not because he consciously wills it so, but because it is a manifestation of himself, and, therefore, cannot be exactly like any other. This, too, is why the best poets have instinctively chosen to write, as a rule, in accepted and simple metres. A new or difficult metrification detains the consciousness on the surface of things, and hinders the free working of the deeper spirit. A simpler form frees the deeper self. It is easier to meditate in one's home surroundings or on well-known roads than in a new and unknown country. It is easier to the individual to develop the true religious or mystical sense within an ancient church, entrancing the outward senses and restless intellect by its imperturbable routine, than in the enclosure of some dubious and uncertain sect, with its undefined and hesitating modes of worship and absence of absolute rule. There is no real freedom in art, any more than in morality, religion, or politics, until external liberties have been reduced to their right places and proportions.

Like all true poets, and more viv-

idly than most of them, Mary Coleridge felt the sense of "moving in worlds not realized," the contrast between the dreamy unreality of the visible and the reality of the invisible. This sense, so dominant in the poetry of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, is dominant again in the mood of the present age, which in so many respects resembles that particular ancestor. What else is leading us back to those symbols of masques and pageants, mystic religious thought and high ritual, signs which so strangely foreran our last civil war? The sense of unreality produced by the return from the inner world to the outer, from the Mount of Transfiguration to the Plain, could hardly be more finely expressed than in the powerful sonnet called "Imagination."

I called you, fiery spirits, and ye came!  
Earth was the earth no more; the solid  
ground

Was, as a maze of cloud-like glories  
found;

The sun was music and the wind was  
flame.

A rainbow shone about the sacred name  
Of all the virtues. Thought in rapture  
drowned,

Wild ecstasy it was to hear the sound,  
The fluttering of the wings of Love  
and Fame.

I called you, fiery spirits! When your  
task

Was over, faint, weary, and short of  
breath,

I would have driven you hence. I did  
but ask

The old life that I led, the life beneath.  
In vain! The world henceforward  
seems a masque

Fit for the haunted rooms of dreamy  
death.

Or this, again—light and rapid contrast  
of the unabiding phantasmagoria of political history with the eternal and ever-present realities of thought and art:

Egypt's might is tumbled down.

Down-a-down the deeps of thought!  
Greece is fallen and Troy town.

Glorious Rome hath lost her crown.  
Venice' pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed,  
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,  
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,  
Airy nothing, as they dreamed,  
These remain.

If one begins to quote Mary Coleridge it is difficult to stop. But I wish to cite the following stanzas, to show to readers of the *National Review* who may not yet be acquainted with her work the masculine vigor and condensation of her thought and style, full of woman's delicacy, sweetness, and fine shading as it also is:

Life of my learning, fire of all my Art,  
O thou to whom my days obscurely  
tend,

Dear past expression, friend beyond  
a friend,

Soul of my soul and heart within my  
heart.

Hear and forgive thy servant over-bold  
Who dared to write the words he  
could not say,

And with too eager hand hath given  
away

That which his eyes alone to thee unfold.

Two absences are to be noted in the poetry of Mary Coleridge, and both of them are signs of an originating mind and of poetry that flows direct from the source. One is that of reference to literature of writers, well versed in them though she was; the other of copiousness of mere description of Nature, so often cloying in poets. But her touch in description is perfect, as in the following Northern impression. Mary Coleridge was a Southerner, though she often visited the North; but I have heard a true son of Northumberland and observer of Nature, Sir Edward Grey, say that these lines convey the exact feeling of those coast-lands:

O the gray island in the rainbow haze.  
And the long thin spits of land.

The roughening pastures and the stony  
ways,  
And the golden flash of the sand!

O the red heather on the moss-wrought  
rock,  
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,  
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at  
the flock,  
And the rotten old five-barred gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry  
bough,  
The scent of gorse in the air!  
I shall love them ever as I love them  
now,  
I shall weary in Heaven to be there!

Mr. Swinburne should appreciate these  
verses—he who sings, in his radiant  
way, of

The sea-banks fair,  
And the sweet gray gleaming sky.  
And the lordly strand of Northumber-  
land,  
And the goodly towers thereby.

Here, too, are some stanzas which  
offer an example of the most perfect  
choice and ordering of words. The  
place is Chillingham Castle; the sea-  
son is September. The passage might  
be taken as a test of true appreciation  
of poetry:

Bring light and air—the thin and shin-  
ing air  
Of the North land,  
The light that falls on tower and gar-  
den there,  
Close to the gold sea sand.

Bring flowers, the latest colors of the  
earth,  
Ere nun-like frost  
Lay her hard hand upon this rainbow  
mirth,  
With twinkling emerald crossed.

The white star of the traveller's joy,  
the deep  
Empurpled rays that hide the smoky  
stone,  
The dahlia rooted in Egyptian sleep,  
The last frail rose alone.

Let music whisper from a casement set  
By them of old,

Where the light smell of lavender may  
yet  
Rise from the soft, loose mould.

Is not this last stanza exquisite and of  
the very soul of pathos?

Just as Francis Thompson, while re-  
maining himself, recalls Crashaw, so  
Mary Coleridge recalls, in certain poems,  
sometimes George Herbert and some-  
times Herrick. It is not imitation, for  
thought and spirit are always her own,  
and she is the daughter of her age.  
Something in her way of looking at  
things is congenial with that of the  
seventeenth-century poets, and inner  
kinship finds expression in outward  
form. Such likenesses are to be com-  
pared not with copies of pictures, but  
with family resemblances among gener-  
ations of living men. These lines  
might have been written by Herrick,  
and yet perhaps, could not have been,  
because of the touch in the middle  
lines:

O let me be in loving nice,  
Dainty, fine, and o'er-precise,  
That I may charm my charmed dear  
As tho' I felt a secret fear  
To lose what never can be lost,  
Her faith who still delights me most.  
So shall I be more than true,  
Ever in my aging new.  
So dull habit shall not be  
Wrongly called Fidelity.

A beautiful example of verse recall-  
ing in spirit and outward form, though  
with a more human meaning, the poetry  
of George Herbert is the piece called  
"Humility." May I be permitted to  
quote in full another of the same kind?

Some showed me Life as 'twere a royal  
game,  
Shining in every color of the sun  
With prizes to be played for, one by  
one,  
Love, riches, fame.

Some showed me Life as 'twere a terri-  
ble fight,  
A ceaseless striving 'gainst unnum-  
bered foes.

A battle ever harder to the close  
 Ending in night.  
 Thou—thou didst make of life a vision  
 deep,  
 Of the deep happiness the spirit feels  
 When heavenly music Heaven itself re-  
 veals  
 And passions sleep.

There is one thing more which I should like to indicate, namely, the absolute veracity of these poems. Mary Coleridge neither exaggerates nor flinches. She does not, as the French say, "pay herself" with words, nor with the conventional sentiments with which even considerable writers often mask the terrors of Love and Death. She knows, as David knew, "the dread that pierces like a sword," when the ever-returning wings of Death pass near us. Nor does she cover her eyes in the presence of that other Reality.

We were not made for refuges of lies,  
 And false embattled bulwarks will not  
 screen us;  
 We mocked the careful shieldings of  
 the wise,  
 And only utter truth can be between  
 us.

Long suns and moons have wrought  
 this day at length,  
 The heavens in naked majesty have  
 told thee,  
 To see me as I am have thou the  
 strength;  
 And, even as thou art, I dare behold  
 thee.

It is this veracity which, as Mr. Newbolt says in his preface, "may move a timid soul or two to ask if it be safe to follow her," in all her directions.

Why is it that women have contributed so small a proportion of good poetry to our literature, while they have enriched it with so many excellent novels? It may be in some degree that so few of them have had good classical educations. They, like the peasants of Gray's "Elegy," may have had among them mute, inglorious Mil-

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tons. The overwhelming majority of good English poets and verse-writers from Chaucer downwards have been Oxford and Cambridge men—mostly Cambridge. It was not for nothing that Mary Coleridge in her youth read Greek with the author of "Ionica." Or is it that women because they are, like heroes, part of the legitimate objective of poetry, find difficulty in writing it? Some fine ballads by long dead Scottish ladies of quality; two poems of genius and two or three of merit by Emily Brontë; a few, very pleasing in a different way, by Felicia Hemans; a thing or two by Joanna Baillie and Jean Ingelow; Christina Rossetti's delicate poetry of religious devotion: is there much else so far, of this light craft built that will swim down the stream of time? Poor, noble-minded Elizabeth Browning lies hopelessly submerged beneath her own too great fluency; George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy," with all its correct and stately diction and strong thinking, is not a living poem. The best work of English women poets could be compressed into a not very large anthology; and I, for my part, would allot a larger share in its pages to Mary Coleridge than to any other. Her mastery and sincerity of expression, and her imaginative power, which was shown also in her first well-known novel, seem to me to give to her a place above her sisters in this art. Her force of imagination was, indeed, over-strong for the facilities of prose; the story is vaguely seen like a romantic castle encircled and enshrouded in trees and thickets. To be most effective this force needed the compression and resistance of metre. Her poems indicate rather than express her full reserves of thought and feeling. Words, to use her own image, are to silence but as swallows darting over the surface of a pool, "Whose tranquil depths reflect a tranquil sky."

*Bernard Holland.*

## MODERN ATTACKS ON CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

It has long seemed probable that the ethics of Christianity would not be left untouched by the general attack on the Christian creed. With attacks on the supernatural basis and content of that religion we have long been familiar, and it was unreasonable to suppose that the moral standpoint taken up by the Christian Church and founded, as she has always held and taught, upon the life and teaching of Christ Himself and His Apostles would continue unchallenged. For Christianity is one and homogeneous, not a mere collection of departments, religious, metaphysical and ethical, but a vital unity, with its parts so inter-related that one could not be so affected as to leave the others precisely as they were before. Indeed the only ground for surprise has been that those who have repudiated the Christian solution of the problems of existence have yet been willing to accept and even strongly support a morality whose strength and beauty, if it be strong and beautiful, as these assailants of Christian dogma have been ready to confess, must surely be an argument of no slight strength for the truth of Christian teaching when it has dealt with the ultimate questions of metaphysic and theology. Not that in the past no attacks have been made on the moral teaching of the Christian Church: Celsus, whose polemic, entitled, "A True Discourse," is the first which we know of as expressly written to confute Christianity, uses arguments in contempt of Christian ethics which remind us not a little here and there of those popularized 1700 years later by Nietzsche; and there are others besides; but these attacks have been spasmodic, and in theory at least there has been no general revolt from the Christian ethical view. But during the

last half century there has been a change; powerful writers have arisen who have seen that Christian ethics have no rock-basis apart from Christian dogma, and have accordingly boldly attacked the Christian moral ideal. The object of this paper is to review briefly a few of these "immoralists" as certain of their own prophets triumphantly describe themselves, to consider the main lines of the attacks they have delivered, estimate their validity, and suggest possible defences on the Christian side which may be able to withstand the shock.

But although the attack has been only what intelligent men might have expected, yet it might have been indefinitely deferred but for one great theory or rather fact of life which revolutionized scientific thought during the last century. The Darwinian theory of evolution came as a revelation in the field of physical science. But at first evolution was rigidly confined to the province in which it appeared; and though Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," which appeared some six years earlier than the "Origin of Species," contains parallels with the scientific doctrine in its theory of the gradual evolving of dogma, or rather of the consciousness of the Church with regard to dogma, yet neither ethics nor scientific theology were at first much affected by it. And much later than Darwin, as late as Huxley's Romanes Lecture on Evolution and Ethics, we find one of the greatest Darwinians entirely refusing to allow to evolution the supreme word in ethics, and arguing that the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic progress, but on combating it. But the evolutionary theory, though, as we know now, in no sense necessarily anti-Christian or anti-theis-

tic, was, when it burst upon the world, taken to be such, and largely through the fault (natural though perhaps that fault was) of the Christian Church, became materialized and degraded into a rationalistic philosophy. Hence its professors, or rather its most advanced adherents, proceeded logically and inevitably to apply it as a philosophy to every branch of human life and thought, to ethics among the rest. Neither the older intuitive theory nor the older utilitarianism was quite satisfactory, especially as when once God had been denied to a moral universe as its spiritual Centre it was found more and more difficult to discover grounds strong enough to bear the whole weight of a transcendental ethical system.

Besides all this there were more specific causes for an attack on Christian ethics; and again we must admit that if the Christian principle has been misunderstood, it has been due in the first instance to the wrong lines taken by much Christian thought. And certainly the impression constantly received as to the Christian life, the impression that asceticism is of the very essence of the Gospel, has arisen out of the practice of the Church in past ages, and the pre-eminence that is still given to ascetic ideals among millions of Christians to-day. Monasticism is still held by great portions of the Christian Church to be the "*Vita religiosa*," the true Christian life, while the unascetic life, though sufficient, is yet lower. But we must repeat that asceticism is not the heart of the Gospel. Professor Harnack in his "*Das Wesen des Christenthums*" has pointed out that neither the life of Christ as portrayed in the Gospels, nor the fundamental thoughts of His message, nor the impressions which the disciples received as to their Lord, are consistent with the ascetic hypothesis; but where there has been so much misunderstanding

within the Church itself, it is hardly a matter for surprise that opponents of Christian theology have seized gladly, though not dishonestly, upon this apparent irreconcilability between the ideals of Christianity and the practical life of almost the whole modern world. And again it has been thought, with some justification in this case too, that the Christian ideal of conduct is a weak and effeminate one, lacking the manlier and more courageous virtues, so that even the Christ of the Gospels, whose courage and severity, when severity was needed, are as well marked as His compassion and tenderness, has been transformed into a weak and unpractical dreamer.

So far it is true that Christian ethics have been misunderstood and disparaged in consequence; but it is not any misunderstanding of the Christian ideal which has provoked the outburst in favor of a different ethical principle. The cleavage is far too complete for such an explanation to stand. It is the ideal itself which has aroused the anger of its foes; and by setting out some of the points of that ideal which have been most violently assailed we shall be able to see the lines of the battle more clearly.

First of all its valuations are attacked. Christianity does say quite definitely that physical strength, intellectual brilliance and worldly success are not the most important things, even that they are relatively of no importance at all. Christianity, not Nietzsche, is the real transvaluer of all values. Nietzsche's values are natural, perhaps a little less than natural, whereas Christianity's are supernatural. And rising out of this comes Christianity's characteristic, and in the mouth of her enemies Christianity's reproach, of other-worldliness, represented by Nietzsche as the negation of life and treason to the present world. We may freely admit that in certain



ages, perhaps even to-day in some cases, the Church has concentrated her attention too much on the world beyond the grave and thought of that and that alone as Life Eternal, to the neglect of the common duties of everyday life here; we may admit that we no longer think that there is such a cleavage between life here and life hereafter as was once imagined; but for all that, given the postulate of immortality, the belief that this life is more of a preparation than of a fulfilment, that it leads on to reality but is not reality itself, is a sound one. There is a sense in which the Christian may claim the pagan and neo-pagan conceptions of self-expression and self-realization for his own use, but at the same time he must allow that if mere individualistic self-realization here and now is the end of man, then Christianity has been at fault. For the Christian the perfect expression of the self is not to be found here, or if he finds it it will only be through self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is the Christian principle, just as the most perfect development of a man's whole nature was that of the Greeks. The Greeks in their prime are the supreme historical instance of a people dominated by what we should now call the artistic temperament, which claims the right to grow by a deliberate intent to try every kind of experience. This, of course, does not imply that the artistic temperament is necessarily immoral or even non-moral; but its ideals, especially as worked out in history, are not the same as the Christian ideals, and may very seriously conflict with them. And no Christian, however much he may value beauty and art and accomplishment in all the walks of life, would deny that all these things must if it be found necessary, as ever since the Gospel was preached it has in many cases been found necessary, be sacrificed for the pearl of great price, the Kingdom of God.

There is one matter in particular where opposition to Christian morality has been especially acute—the matter of the relations of the sexes. So far I have spoken of objections raised mainly against the Christian spirit and the Christian attitude; but here, though the objections to the spirit and attitude still remain, they are reinforced by the objection to Christian law. Christianity is not a legalistic religion, but it has and must have its own rules, and in this province it asserts its rules convincingly. An eminent theologian has given it as his opinion that this is the one province in which Christ Himself definitely legislated, and certainly to-day it is the province where the Church is most jealously vigilant, and also where the attacks of her opponents are beginning to be most keenly directed. The Church asserts that in her ideal for marriage she is supported not only by the words of her Founder, but also by the experience of past history and by the results whenever no such ideal has existed. To-day this position is challenged all along the line; we shall have to look at it a little closer when we come to consider Bernard Shaw's criticism of the Christian standpoint in this matter.

And lastly,—to bring to a close this investigation of some of the causes which alienate certain modern thinkers from Christian morality,—the Christian ideal is assailed as being entirely impracticable. National Christianity, it has been said, is impossible without a nation of Christs. It might have been added that individual Christianity is impossible except so far as the individual is morally a potential Christ, if it is possible now to get that phrase back into its proper setting and away from the nebulous metaphysic of the City Temple. But it is obvious that the phrase above quoted is, as it stands, a truism, while if it is intended to prove the impossibility of a national Christianity it is a *petitio principii*.

As a result then of our investigations, we find that the kind of conception of Christianity, as embodying a particular ethic, current among its denouncers is somewhat as follows:

Christianity arose in the East, the home of asceticism, through the preaching of Jesus Christ, who, in the face of a world controlled by the sheer might of the Roman Empire, proclaimed that strength and power were not the most important qualities in a man, not those most favored by God, but that it was the humble-minded, the poor in spirit, the gentle and submissive who was truly son of God. By this transvaluation the first blow was struck at the power of the ancient world and its culture. The creed of Jesus was taken over and enforced by Paul, who fixed it still more clearly on other worldly lines, on which it continued owing to the Church's struggle against the superior physical strength of the State, which left Christians but little to hope for in this world. The world and the flesh were given wholly over to the Devil; culture was repudiated, and an ideal substituted such as was natural to the poor, the oppressed and the slaves, among whom Christianity especially flourished. The doctrine of the equality of all men in the sight of God, and the supreme importance of the pre-eminently Christian virtues, especially the virtue of humility, which made an immense difference between the otherwise somewhat similar Christian and Stoic principles, was Christianity's rejoinder to the obvious fact that while it was fighting for its life, all the wealth, the power, the art, the culture, and almost all the intellect of the Empire, was arrayed against it. Hence it is apparent that the Christian ethical system was determined on thoroughly non-natural grounds, that it developed an inevitable and violent antagonism to the environment in which it found itself, and relied largely on its threat

of hell to all who stood outside it. And now, in opposition to all this and especially to Christian views as to marriage and the procreation of children, it is necessary, we are told, to realize that man is first of all an animal, and his first duty is to be a strong and healthy animal, and that after this his ideal must be self-expression and not self-repression, self-culture and not self-sacrifice, a self-found law (or an absence of law—they mean the same) and not the imposition of a law upon him from without.

I now wish to examine some modern criticisms of Christian ethics in rather more detail; and I will begin with him who is unquestionably the most famous, and some would say the ablest—Friedrich Nietzsche.

Nietzsche has one great principle which lies at the root of his whole outlook upon life and of his whole opposition to Christianity; it is this, that the physiological standard, the physiological test must be supreme, that civilization starts, as the ancient Greeks believed it to start, with the body. Now the salient fact about the body is its instincts, and bodily happiness consists in the satisfying of the bodily instincts. Here then is the mark of what Nietzsche calls the ascending life—that happiness is identical with instinct; when once a man finds that he has to combat his instincts he may know that he has entered upon the first phase of decadence. And Christianity is the supreme instance of decadence, because its attitude is one of negation and opposition. It has invented the criteria "good and evil," whereas the only true criteria are "good and bad," which judge of all things by their survival value and not by the importation of such mythical concepts as the "good and evil" of Christianity are.

Does Nietzsche then repudiate the whole conception of morality? By no means; morality for him, true morality,

is not merely unending but in its principles never changing. Morals started from men's feelings of superiority and nobility, and are above everything else the will to life and therefore the will to power. Strength always must manifest itself as strength, and therefore this morality is shown by the greater strength and vitality possessed by its professors. And this morality is summed up by Nietzsche in a word as "Master-morality."

Opposed to this master-morality stands slave-morality, in which Christianity is rooted. And it is so called because it is the morality proper to and proceeding from those who being less fit to survive have invented it in order to check the action of natural selection, and to maintain themselves against their proper masters. Then since the slaves are not only more numerous than their masters, but also have more cunning, they prevail over the stronger. The feeling at the bottom of this uprising of the inferior elements in the community is essentially revenge, though it is cloaked by them with the name of justice and they represent it as the victory of God over evil men, just as when they were in a state of subjection they made a virtue of necessity and canonized their cowardice. St. Paul is the very apostle of this cult of revenge for Nietzsche; he indeed shares with Immanuel Kant the distinction of being more hated by Nietzsche than any other historical character. His conversion is not admitted even to be an hallucination, but is roundly declared to be a lie, which he needed in order that he might tyrannize over the mass of the people. But the Christian principle of brotherhood and charity is not merely contaminated in its source and origin, it is in itself slavish and decadent. Noble natures always see something contemptible in sympathy, pity and brotherly love, and all altruistic morality is a sure mark of

degeneracy; even Herbert Spencer is classed as a decadent because of his altruistic tendencies. And altruism is bad because it is opposed to life. The altruist does not merely say "I am of no account," but further "Life is of no account," and so altruism, like God and the other world, is merely a negation, a repudiation of the will to power.

We see the same kind of tendency at work when we glance at Nietzsche's metaphysic, or rather at his reason for having no genuine metaphysic at all. For metaphysic is concerned with ultimate reality, with the things that are as opposed to the things that become. Just as the ethical idealist is not content till he has discovered an eternal principle at the back of morality, so the transcendentalist or Hegelian looks beyond phenomena in the hope of catching sight for a moment of the thing in itself. Kant's theory is particularly repulsive to Nietzsche, for not content with looking for the thing in itself, he attached to that his conception of the categorical imperative, and so framed his thought of a real world which should have morality as its basis. Nietzsche is a pure phenomenalist; and the only philosopher whom he eyes with any favor is Heraclitus whose creed was that nothing is, but everything is becoming. So Nietzsche's theory of knowledge, if it can be called such, prevents him from the least attempt to get beyond phenomena. Further, all such concepts as soul, will, responsibility, are contemptuously brushed aside by him as mere non-existences. "We know," he says, "that there is no such thing as soul or will. We cannot speak of the will, the motive or the ego as causes; there are no spiritual causes at all." The influence of music, for instance, is purely physiological. And so, returning through his metaphysic to his morality, we discover with no great surprise that he has no place for any responsibility, no place

for any goal of human effort. We are necessary, we belong to the whole and exist in the whole, and outside the whole there is nothing, so that nothing can judge or condemn us, for that would be to judge or condemn the whole to which we belong. Sin is a figment; it was invented by priests to serve their own ends.

The Christian virtues, then, are for him merely the products of lack of power, and are the opposite of the manly virtues and of real freedom, the will to be responsible for one's own self, which is the apotheosis of all manly instincts. Yet here we meet with one of his occasional really fine thoughts, that freedom is worth just what it costs us. Freedom is the will to bear, and to the sacrifice of all persons, even one's self, for one's cause, to be able to rise even above the instincts of happiness. "The man who has become free," he writes, "treads under foot the contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats."

We see in Nietzsche a frank, terrible, but not wholly ignoble individualism carried almost to its logical extreme. Not quite, however; for despite his physiological test and his praise of the Greek gods because in them the animal in man felt defiled, sensualism is not really a prominent factor in his writings. Despite, moreover, of his contempt for Carlyle, as a rhetorician who mistook indigestion for the moral appeal of his conscience, there is even in Nietzsche a certain divine discontent with the world and with humanity; otherwise he would not have looked forward to the coming of the Superman, that great power that can only come through the sacrifice of lesser powers. But more will have to be said on that subject lower down.

It is a little difficult to appreciate Nietzsche fairly. He keeps up a con-

tinual scream when he is dealing with things he does not like, and it is natural to ask whether Christian morality is in any real danger from such excessive violence, especially as his defects are obvious. They include an utterly unsatisfactory metaphysic, and an extraordinary lack of historical insight and genuine critical ability. Nothing could well be more fantastic than his theory that slave-morality was a device invented by the unfit to safeguard themselves against the ordinary processes of natural selection.

His attitude towards the Founder of Christianity is more favorable than might have been expected; but it is only so because he totally misunderstands Christ's whole life and message. Christ, according to him, inaugurated an actual happiness here on earth, which was the Gospel and which died with Him. It was Paul who transformed the message of Jesus, imagining a gulf between God and man such as Jesus never imagined. It was Paul who by his doctrine of resurrection filched away the whole concept of blessedness, the entire and sole reality of the Gospel, in favor of a state after death. And whereas Jesus lived and died to show men how to live, loving men all the while, Paul was merely actuated by the basest motives of revenge, perpetuated in a Church which exists for the wickedest of all purposes—to deprecate human nature, though it and its priests have lost all faith in the very elements of its creed, and its members' practice is invariably anti-Christian.

I pass on from Nietzsche to Bernard Shaw, an assailant of a different and I think a higher type. Both men are thoroughly honest and care about truth, but Bernard Shaw is also moved by a deep hatred of cruelty and a genuine love of his fellow men and a wish to improve them all, which is totally lacking in Nietzsche.

His chief objection to Christian morality and the civilization founded upon it is simply this, that it has not made mankind better, and now stands in the path of the one thing that will make mankind better—namely the scientific production of the Superman. You will find nothing much more completely pessimistic as to man's possibilities of moving upwards, so long as human nature remains what it is now, than the "Revolutionist's Handbook" at the end of "Man and Superman." The point already attained by civilization marks the extreme of possibility, and even from that man continually falls away, while its apprehension when it is apprehended is only the privilege of a few. Bernard Shaw, like the Christian, believes the salvation of the world to be essential, but Christianity will not save it; it is impracticable for the ordinary man, and the ordinary man, who especially needs saving, does not vary from generation to generation; there is no progress.

What then is the remedy? The production of the Superman, who, like Nietzsche's Anti-Christ, is to save the world. But there is a great difference between Nietzsche and Shaw in their ideals. Nietzsche is an aristocrat, believing in the physiological causes as the great moving causes which divide men; Shaw is a Socialist, anxious to raise all men to a higher ethical standard, to make them all Supermen. But when it comes to practical action it is through physiological action that Shaw hopes to raise the world, and in his wished-for physiological experimenting he comes to oppose the Christian Church on the moral ground which she considers particularly sacred, on the question of the relation of the sexes and the problem of morality in the narrower sense of the word. And the difference between the Christian Church and Mr. Shaw is this, that Christianity, when face to face with the moral ruin

of the old world, took the matter of purity, of marriage, and of what is now known as the problem of sex as one of its most urgent interests, asserted the vital connection of sex and religion, and laid down certain principles and rules which it held *sacrosanct*, whereas Bernard Shaw and the modern school of which he is an illustrious member proclaim, with Ibsen, that the golden rule is that there are no rules, and desire to treat the whole question from a purely scientific standpoint, asserting that religion is as much out of its province when it dogmatizes on sex relations as it was when it dogmatized about astronomy.

Bernard Shaw's desire then is that the Superman should be evolved by a careful selection of his parents, under the superintendence if possible of the State, which is vitally interested in having its citizens as strong and healthy as possible. "The socialization of the selective breeding of man," to use his own phrase, is the ideal to be aimed at.

In this theory we have a complete setting aside of the whole Christian view of the problem centering round marriage. Christianity has always been at pains to point out to man that for all his animal nature, the "flesh" as it is generally called in the New Testament, yet he must never look upon himself as in the first place an animal. It has invaded the very centre of his animal nature by its consecration of marriage, so that the majority of Christians consider it to be a Sacrament and therefore mystical. It has bound man and woman together for all the circumstances of their lives, making a unity out of a dualism. For good or for evil it has refused to divorce conjugation from domesticity. It denounces in the most unmistakable terms the idea that the State may arrange as it likes for the continuation of the race and may totally sever this necessity from the in-



stitution of marriage. For this is what Mr. Shaw wishes to do; he wishes marriage to be looked on merely as a convenient and pleasant manner of life for the two parties, for them to deal with as they like, but that it should be understood that the problem of the perpetuation of the race is one of the State's most serious businesses, which cannot be left merely to the unregulated impulses of ordinary citizens. Love, as it is usually understood, is kept quite apart from this most serious question of all—the question of the perpetuation of the race. And so we come to the solution of our human ills—that two people carefully chosen for their physical qualities, not necessarily having the very slightest affection for one another, should agree to assist the State by combining to produce the Superman, so that by this method all mankind may eventually be transformed into Superhumanity. The world is to be saved by treating men and women as breeders treat cattle.

Now what does all this mean? For Mr. Shaw is in no sense of the word a sensualist or approaching thereto, and yet his methods must appear degrading in the extreme to those who believe that Christianity has something to say on this problem and that it differs considerably from Mr. Shaw. We are fortunate enough to have the explanation in the last sentence of the "Revolutionist's Handbook," to which I have already referred. There we are told that the men and women prepared to deal with the subject in this way will be those who, no longer believing that they can live for ever, are seeking for some immortal work into which they can throw the best of themselves—the immortal work being, of course, the production of the Superman. In fact when once man is believed to be one of the beasts that perish, it is seriously suggested that he should be willing to conform his practice and methods so

nearly to those that are applied in the case of the beasts that the higher and nobler man—the Superman—may result. And men will have to decide whether in these problems there are any generalizations that can be made, any ideals that may be pursued,—as the Christian Church has always made generalizations and set before men her ideals, though conscious that her generalizations may act hardly in particular cases and her ideals be difficult of apprehension,—or whether with Ibsen and Bernard Shaw they will treat all ideals in these matters as harmful, and refuse to see more than a scientific problem to be solved like any other such problem, or a passion to be gratified without regard to the laws of a religion or the sanctities of a marriage-bond. We find the extreme logical conclusion of these non-Christian views on the sex problems in Mr. John Davidson's recent poem, "The Triumph of Mammon." The whole meaning of a particularly savage attack upon Christian morality is that Christianity is a foe to the present gratification of the senses; and it can hardly be unfair to the author to say that questions as to the legitimacy of such gratification never enter his head, seeing that the hero is made to kill his father and brother that he may be in a position to gratify his desire for pleasure, and his action is unquestionably rather commended than condemned. Mr. Davidson has no need for the Superman, in fact he rather distrusts him; the Superman might develop a kind of Christian moral sense. His quarrel with Christianity is not that it is not saving the world, but that it interferes with people's appetites. Therefore he is no scientific breeder of a new race, but an apologist for the most unchartered freedom for the individuals of the old one.

The last champion of non-Christian ideals in ethics of whom I wish to say a word is Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Mr.



Dickinson has the merit of being at once subtler and much more courteous than Nietzsche, Mr. Shaw or Mr. Davidson. He freely recognizes the good Christianity has done; he agrees with it in its democratic insistence that the moral ideal must be for all. Only unfortunately the ideal is impracticable for ordinary people, who consequently merely explain it away and then delude themselves into the belief that they are Christians. But there is another ideal, one that has been tried and, Mr. Dickinson would I suppose say, succeeded, though it contributed not a little to the ruin of the race which tried it. He would have us return to the ideals of Greek culture, of Greek individualistic self-realization. He is careful to point out that the Greeks were not at all mere materialists; on the contrary, the whole attention which they paid to personal beauty, to the training of the body for athletic distinction, and to the great works of art, was for the sake of the soul or spirit behind, the beautiful soul symbolized by the beautiful body. It is the artistic conception of ideal good, and though Nietzsche declares that no Christian can be an artist because an artist's work is positive, yet it is not in itself anti-Christian and may be noble and spiritual. But when we are asked to depose Christian ethics and return to the worship of Greek culture we can only point to the fate of the ancient world, to the viciousness that was interwoven through and through with its ideal, and to its profound pessimism. The Greek ideal was a noble one, but it had in it those seeds of destruction through which it ultimately perished. Mr. Dickinson contrasts it with ecclesiasticism; but ecclesiasticism, whether Catholic or Protestant, is not the same as Christianity, and the supreme triumph of Christianity is its substantiated claim to deal effectively with the personal moral problem, often the personal moral disaster, which is

the most crucial fact in man's nature. And so long as men feel the need of a real ethical redemption and not a mere artistic self-sufficiency they will prefer Christianity to Hellenism.

Now let us look once again on these various objections to Christian ethics. We have seen that all the objectors concentrate on what they consider to be the mutilating, repressive attitude of Christianity. They all of them are rooted in the view that man is for this world alone, that he is a creature of a day. They all of them thoroughly partake of the old Epicurean spirit. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." The eating and drinking may be as entirely sensual as Mr. Davidson makes it, or as refined and in a sense elevating as it is in Mr. Lowes Dickinson's pages, but in the end it is the same—the self-sufficiency, however interpreted, of a creature bounded entirely by birth and death. Nietzsche indeed frankly asserts his Epicureanism, and makes the bold statement that every respectable man in the Roman Empire was an Epicurean, a change, if true, from the days when Cicero wrote, "All the most respectable men despise the Epicureans."

This paper is concerned with a statement of the positions that distinguished men of our times have come to in their attacks on Christian morals, and is not primarily an apologetic. Yet I should like to end by suggesting certain possible lines of defence. And first of all, the Christian, disputing the basis on which the anti-Christian attack has been reared, asserts that man is immortal in his nature, and that both in this respect and in others, as we find him, he is essentially different from the lower animals, so that his difference from them is much more remarkable than his resemblance to them. Further, he will affirm that it is the soul or spirit, and not the body, which furnishes man with his regulative princi-

ple; and if it is retorted that we know nothing of the soul and cannot even prove its existence, he will confess that the word "soul" may be a symbol, but it is a symbol which counts, for it indicates a hidden reality.

Then coming to treat of the various other ideals set up, the Christian apologist will point out that Nietzsche and Davidson confessedly combat the advance of man in his progress further away from primitive things. Nietzsche asserts that the noble races are essentially barbarian in instinct, as is shown by their quickness of feeling and absence of revenge and spitefulness. And though Nietzsche's Superman may get beyond mercy and pity, there is nothing to show that Nietzsche intended him to get beyond some of the most primitive instincts of savage peoples. Davidson in his glorification of man's passion finds the true antitype of all love in the purely mechanical action of the ether, and the coming together therein of light and sound. Bernard Shaw gives up humanity as hopeless until the Superman is produced, and therefore has for his ideal the transformation of humanity into something else; while Mr. Lowes Dickinson presents an ideal which nearly ruined the world once, which Plato and Aristotle both found it necessary to contend against in their respective ways—a fact grasped by Nietzsche, who accordingly adorns the greatest of Greek thinkers with his favorite name of "decadents"—and which ended, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, in Christianity once and would probably end in it again.

But if we leave these inadequate solutions we shall, I think, find that along the lines of Christian ethics the truest progress has been made and will be made. Despite all the evils of our time, we have advanced far beyond the

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ancients in our civilization. There is nothing now which can fairly be compared to the gigantic evil of slavery; there was no power among men then inducing them to co-operate as men co-operate to-day. For Christianity has grasped one great fact in its ethics, and it is that a purely individualistic morality is not adequate, that men are not impenetrable atoms, but that the welfare of each man is bound up with that of his fellows. Despite all the restrictions often put upon an individual's action in the ancient world, yet in the development of the individual life each man stood alone. And if the answer comes that Shaw and even Nietzsche put before us the Abstraction of the Race, and the Generations to come, we reply that such an abstraction has no compelling value, that men will legitimately ask why they should care about a future and somewhat unintelligible Superman, or why they should follow Nietzsche in his declaration that the lesser powers must be sacrificed for the production of a greater power or man. There is no coherence about these ideals, no centre from which there can come the supply of force necessary if these ideals are to be realized.

For if a Superman be really needed, Christianity has long insisted on the need for one, or rather for many, for a world of Supermen. It has been accustomed to speak of them as the regenerate, and has taught that they can be produced from our present human nature, if the moral lever be present, so that there is no need of the production of a new and for us inconceivable thing, a physiological Superhumanity. And the strength of Christianity is not merely that it sets the ideal before men, but that it has that in it which can enable them to the ideal's realization.

*J. Kenneth Mozley.*

## PROBATIONARY.

A particular seat in Kensington Gardens was their own, and three elms guarded it. It seemed to them a remote place. No one ever possessed it except themselves, and no one ever approached it except the man with the tin box and the tickets for which Dick had to pay two-pence. The absurdity of it left a streak of optimism in him which nothing could efface. For he felt that anything might come within his means when the lady who is supposed to preside over the scales and demand an equivalent for every dispensation could be cozened as easily as that.

It was sheer luck that they should have the seat to themselves, for they could see other folk passing continually. Girls were playing hockey in red blouses and blue skirts; idle messenger boys concocted stories of how they were delayed; policemen passed killing the hours; and there were lovers like themselves, only not so happy. Nursery-maids went by with little boys and girls carrying bats and balls and boats and hoops, with sometimes a soldier in attendance trying to look indifferent and unself-conscious. But no one left the paths to invade their plot. Even the loafer passed on as he looked up from his morning paper, for he saw a face so delicately poised beneath a gray umbrageous hat that he knew it must be fair. In its repose there was something exquisite that might not be profaned.

Dick thought so too, and he loved his kind for being so considerate. He would have liked to give every policeman a shilling, every child a penny, every postman a holiday, and every lover a day in the country. Spring was opening; soft green leaves canopied the black railings; lilacs shone by the lake; horse-chestnuts put out their

white-and-strawberry blossoms; hyacinths glowed in the borders; birds sang; and Dick's heart danced to a measure.

"Mine, mine, mine, from her fragrant hair with the rich glow in it to her little peeping feet. God bless her, than whom He has made nothing sweeter or more beautiful."

He told her so, and she turned to him with hardly a motion of her head, like a flower swaying towards its image in a pool. She looked at him, her bright eyes peeping between their lovely fringes, and in the depths of their tenderness played with humor.

"Dick, dear," she murmured, "I am a very ordinary person."

It was not true, for no one could pass her without feeling happier or sadder.

Her voice vibrated through him like soft music, and he longed to take her up in his arms and carry her away from everybody and everywhere to some palm-fringed island where they might watch the fruit fall and listen to the breakers and be together always.

Veronica listened to his dream, but she demurred. "Of course, darling, it would be all right if we were together, but I don't think I should like the island very much. I think a farm would be nicer, with apple-trees and hay-fields and cows grazing by a brook. Did I tell you about Swanstead? You go down a lane with dog-roses and sweetbriar meeting overhead, and at the bottom there is a little trout stream, and at the edge of the meadow the sheep's-parsley grows over your head."

"Is there a house?"

"I didn't see it, but I am sure there is a cottage with a honeysuckle porch and ivy growing in at the window. We could make it quite nice, like Uncle Robert's, and have a tennis-court

in the paddock, and give lovely little dinners."

"What a dream!"

"Silly Dick! It's very real, indeed. We are going to take it."

But Dick was not a visionary.

"Some day," he said, "when we discover that the cottage is there, and I have put in six years' service in India and earned some furlough. But I haven't passed my exam. yet."

Veronica looked pensive. Then a humorous light danced in her eyes, and a little dimple by the side of her mouth rose and dipped and danced with it in the shyest and tenderest conspiracy, and then she laughed, and her laugh was as beautiful as the prelude to it.

"Oh, Dick!" she said, "I can't imagine you a policeman. I will always think of a bobby in a blue coat. It will be so funny for a policeman's wife to ask people to dinner."

Dick broke into a peal, and they both laughed for quite two minutes because they were so happy.

"You will let me choose your tunic," she said. "I shall always feel so perfectly snug and safe."

"In the arm of the law?"

"You look it, Dick. If I were a thief I should be afraid of you."

"I arrest you, darling. You have stolen everything I have. You must come with me to Pinoll's, and we'll have some chocolate and walnut cake."

They stood under the elms and gazed into each other's eyes. Veronica's were alive with a still animation, poised like doves in the act of taking flight; but they concealed an ambush of tender weapons whose sallies were irresistible. Now a tenderness stole into their gray, another kind of light that routed the merriment.

"Dick, dearest!" she said, "it is all right about the examination? You are quite sure, aren't you?"

Dick wasn't sure. But that little cloud could not overshadow their hap-

piness. Nothing indefinite or far off could take away their day. They passed radiantly through the gardens, making every one happy whom they met. And at the Albert Gate Dick hailed a hansom and put Veronica in, devoutly protecting her gray skirt from the wheel in a way which showed he was ready to impale himself rather than that his divinity should suffer the shadow of profanation.

## II.

Dick had seen four trains draw up at the platform which he was ranging at Gloucester Road. Each had disgorged its commonplace crowd, who only interested him because Veronica was going to make the same journey as they, and get out at the same spot—how differently his heart knew. Now the clock told him, with the ironical indifference of mechanical things, that the next train would be hers. It was five minutes late, but Dick had not expected it to be punctual. Rumbblings in the tunnels east and west, and stirrings of passengers on other platforms to and from the bridge, kept him in a fever of expectation. It was possible that she would come a different way. He searched every crowd. A hat which might have been hers floated above a distant platform behind a crowd of mechanics. Even as he was watching it on tiptoe, the rails shook at his feet, and the engine of Veronica's train entered the station. The huge brown thing became humanized and benign, as if conscious of the freight it bore, its great strength devoted to Dick. The guard and the engine-driver were already endeared to him, and he pitied all the funny people who got out without seeing Veronica, and so went away without knowing that it was not an ordinary train. Dick stood where the last first-class carriage drew up. Before all the carriage doors were opened he felt a dreadful pre-

sentiment. He remembered a day when Veronica's train had been most abysmally empty. Seconds passed. He saw all the doors in front of him shut up again. The train began to move and everything inside himself to stand still. Then he felt a light touch on his elbow. It was Veronica.

"I nearly missed the train," she said. "I had to get in here. Dick, you look as if you would like to eat me."

His eyes devoured her, drinking in her beauty with an insatiable thirst. And he needed the draught, for he had failed in his examination, and the vision of his home with Veronica, with the ivy and the honeysuckle porch, had receded far away beyond the horizon of youth.

"Poor Dick," she said. "But we have got the whole of to-day all to ourselves and no one else. Where shall we go?"

"Why not to our seat?"

"No. I want to keep that for quite happy times. I am sure they will come. Dick, darling, it will be all right."

"The Zoo?"

"Yes, I think the Zoo. It will be such a lovely long drive, and we can have lunch there, and there are places where we can talk."

Dick consecrated a hansom, and Veronica by his side spread a golden haze over his dejection: it grew brighter until the dismal realities of doubt and failure lurking underneath could not obtrude themselves any more. "I have got to-day," Dick thought, "and nothing can take it away from me."

They visited the beasts, and the keepers immediately fell under Veronica's spell. For there was a peculiar sweetness in her expression which made every one want to share something with her, so that that particular thing might become more precious, even if it were only the knowledge of how five minutes were spent in a work-

ing day. Wherever she went doors were flung open, dens invaded, and Veronica entered conquering. The new-born young were inspected and fondled, and they were given untimely and unconstitutional meals. The little soft-haired camel of two days old frolicked for her, and the cheetal licked her hand. Dick believed the keeper would have given her the baby in his charge if she asked for it, "though it was more than his place was worth." What was a "place" worth compared to being able to please Veronica? The beasts, too, were her slaves. The hippopotamus yawned cavernously for her while she undid her long white glove and thrust in an arm of more exquisite creaminess between the slaty walls of the beast's muzzle, tickling him with a bunch of salsifer.

She loved all creatures, tiny and mountainous, and mankind no less. Dick watched her progress with joy, for nothing made him so happy and proud as to see the unconscious way she subjected all who came within her orbit. There was no meanness in his adoration. He liked her to be kind to all men, however handsome and eligible, to dance and play golf with them, and play their accompaniments if they sang, and he liked other men to pay her homage. It was her due, and he despised any one who could be indifferent to her as much as he pitied those who could not help loving her. There was not an atom of jealousy in him, because he knew that her spirit was as true and clear as her eyes, and that her love, though wonderful as all natural laws, was inalienable.

Yet, though he knew all this, decent traditions, so logical in general cases, yet so illogical in his own, made him try to shut his eyes to it. He had tried to speak, but the words would not be uttered. They seemed an affront to Veronica.

"Veronica, darling," he said at last when the sun was low in the west, threatening their happiness, "I feel a beastly cad. I have no earthly right to be engaged to you. I have no prospects now, and not a penny of my own. We must break it off."

Dick could not look Veronica in the face when he made this speech. He felt that his words were brutal, yet a spurious sense of duty, the implicit verdict of others, forced him to speak. He kept his eyes on the ground.

Veronica was silent; her face was turned away. When he looked up she would not let him see her face: he tried to caress her hand, but she drew it away. He bent forward in an agony to read what her eyes said. Two large tears rolled down her cheeks on each side of the dimples. Her beautiful eyelashes were moist.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "it is the first time you have ever been unkind to me."

Dick, who had never seen her cry before, was silent in the depths of his humility.

"I believe you want to break it off."

Dick tried to speak; his lips were as salt as if he had tasted her tears, and he tried in vain to force his own back from his eyes. He even tried to forget Veronica, to think of something else. And Veronica, wondering at his silence, looked into his eyes and saw the struggle there. In a moment she renounced the luxury of endearments and protestations she was going to exact from him as chastisement. Her nature was to heal. She forgot her own wound. Her moist eyes lit up with a reproachful smile.

"Silly Dick," she said. And Dick felt himself forgiven.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"But, darling. Every one will say I am a cad for not releasing you."

"Release, Dick! What a funny word. You release prisoners and convicts. You don't release people from being happy."

"You are a prisoner, darling. So long as you are tied to me you can't marry anybody else."

"And who should want to marry me?"

"Everybody, of course. But, dear, it's not playing the game for me. I might be engaged to you and not you to me. Or if we can't really do it, we might at least pretend to break it off."

"Silly Dick. What would be the good? It is no use pretending. I can't help loving you, and I could never love or marry any one else. And whether you marry me or not, I shall always be happy as long as I live because you love me. Besides, if I pretended that I was not engaged it would only make us both miserable; and anybody else who was silly enough to want to marry me, as you say some one might, would suffer too. You can't alter facts. I love you, Dick, and I am not going to pretend that I don't."

So Veronica, the healer, uplifted Dick, and made him the happiest man in London. He walked with her through Regent's Park treading air. At Portland Place they took a bus, and at Westminster Bridge he put her into the train.

"You are my very own," he said, as he shut the carriage-door, "and if I haven't got a home for you in five years I'll see every one damned first."

"Hush, Dick!" she said. "You mustn't swear." But the train bore her away smiling confidently.

*Edmund Candler.*

*(To be continued.)*



### THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR RICHARD JEBB.\*

Of all biographers a wife has the best right to give and to withhold what she thinks best; and Lady Jebb has discharged a difficult task with tact, judgment and liberality. She has in particular given the world a gracious permission to read some of the most private of her husband's letters, written to her before their marriage, letters which reveal aspects both of tenderness and of playfulness which were known to few but those who were within the very inner circle of his friendship. If we must make any criticism upon Lady Jebb's most interesting treatment of the subject, it would be that the book is written from a woman's point of view, and gives more of her husband's intimate domestic relations than of the life which he led as a man among men, and a friend among friends. Jebb, though he spent fifteen years at Glasgow, and latterly was much in London, was, above all, a Cambridge man; and those who knew him at Cambridge as a young man, or met him there afterwards, know what his charm was as a leader and sharer of Cambridge talk, and how much power he exercised in university politics. On the other hand, too much attention is perhaps given to the occupations of his public and official life, and to the compliments which attended it; which greeted him indeed from the outset of his career as a scholar, when he carried away all the prizes that Charterhouse and Cambridge could give, to the time when the honor of the Order of Merit was bestowed on him by the King in the year before his death. Such distinctions came to Jebb so easily

that he was under no temptation to covet them; he did not despise them, but his life was not built upon them. No one ever grudged him honors gracefully worn, and burdensome to none. It seemed natural that he should have anything he wished for, from a prize book to a seat in Parliament. He was so sure to win in the race, that he was hardly a competitor; like Eclipse, he "never was beaten"; or in the phrase of his Bacchylides, "was never soiled by the dust of horses ahead of him."

When one speaks of a man as "unique," it may mean one of two things: either that he is so removed from others as to be a species by himself, like Coleridge, say, or Lamb; or that he is marked out from the rest of the species to which he belongs by some individual quality or combination of qualities. It is in the latter sense that the word, as applied to Sir Richard Jebb, is fully justified. He was not the creator of a new school of criticism, and a lord of philology, like Bentley; he owed much to the atmosphere of the place where he was educated, and was the kinsman of his predecessors, Thompson and Muir, the finest flower of Cambridge scholarship; and as with others of his time, his taste and judgment were trained by that compendium of oddities, Richard Shilleto, who knew the Muses and Graces better than they chose to acknowledge by their favors, and who never spared time or pains for an intelligent pupil. Jebb, then, was not a ready-made genius like Porson, but he seized upon, and made his own, what was presented to him, with such facility and completeness that it seemed to have come by intuition.

He had amongst his advantages of intellect an extraordinary power of readiness, so that what he knew was always at hand. He had also an in-

\* "*Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb, O. M., Litt. D.*," by his wife, Caroline Jebb; with a Chapter on Sir Richard Jebb as scholar and critic, by Dr. A. W. Verrall. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1907.

tuitive sense of proportion and relevancy, a delicate standard of τὸ πρέπον (a word untranslatable into English, but which comprehends honor in action, and taste in literature and art), whether inborn or acquired. He had a memory at once capacious, accurate and accessible; but perhaps the intellectual feature was the power and habit of grasping his subject completely. Take at random any note in his *Sophocles*. You will find that the text has been settled after due weighing of the evidence for and against the reading adopted, that all considerable commentators have been studied and placed, and that the rendering or interpretation preferred has been viewed in the light of the poet's own writings, and in many other aspects; you may often find a flash of genius, such as those of which specimens are given by Dr. Verrall in the chapter contributed by him to Lady Jebb's book; you are sure to find what Dr. Verrall praises in all his critical work, "the cautious and suggestive understatement which recommended itself to Jebb, and which should be preferred by an Attic wit, by a writer naturally fitted to understand the linguistic art of Athens, and above all, of Sophocles" (p. 441). . . . "The general soundness, as well as subtlety of Jebb, in discriminating the shade of a given expression from approximate equivalents. It is the most obvious of his gifts, and perhaps the most indispensable to the exposition of his favorite poet" (p. 445).

What Dr. Verrall says has peculiar force as coming from a scholar who is Jebb's successor in knowledge of the delicate shades of Greek scholarship.

A natural intuition of what a Greek word or phrase could mean, and what it could not mean, saved him from mistakes into which able scholars may fall who have not the particular felicity of "*feeling* their Greek, not *thinking* it" (to recall an expression of Professor

Thompson); and the security with which he could pronounce, in cases involving questions of usage, by the light of this intuition, not by erudition, made him an almost infallible judge on such occasions; for he owed his infallibility not only to a linguistic knack or a happy memory, but to his habit of "bottoming" everything, never leaving a point till he knew all that could be known about it.

Some famous scholars have won renown by inventing emendations of the kind called "palmary." To settle the text is one thing, to comment on it another. Our thanks are due to the Renaissance men who first took the trouble to decipher the masses of illegible nonsense which mediæval ignorance or stupidity handed down as "the classics" to a generation more capable of enjoying them; but after Porson there were not many palmary emendations left to make; and Jebb, whose amazing cleverness in answering riddles and acrostics might have encouraged him to enter on the guessing game which may be played with any classical text, did not care to burn too much candle at it, and preferred the less amusing but more fruitful task of inquiring into the substance, not the form of the text. "In the fascinating art of conjecture," says Dr. Verrall, "he deserves at any rate what is perhaps the chief praise in this kind—that he did no mischief. It will be hard to find a place in which he has meddled with a text certainly defensible. . . . He is not the dupe of his own cleverness" (pp. 465, 467). It may be added that where he emended, his emendation was often the substitution of some rare but classical word, which occurred to him from his wide knowledge and apt memory of Greek literature, and which would have been easily mistaken by a scribe, but not easily restored by an editor.

Tact and learning, and literary ap-

preciation are not enough without hard work; and Jebb never spared this. His latest work, that on Bacchylides, is a complete instance of his editorial method. It would not have been done without the previous labor of Kenyon, Blass, and others, by whose skill in deciphering and arranging the fragments of papyrus the text was conjecturally restored. Jebb took himself no small part in this; he made himself master of the manuscript in all its details, emended and conjectured, enlightened all by his complete knowledge of Greek metre, archaeology, and literature, studied the text word by word with close verbal annotations, and in the larger light of all Greek and Latin literature, and added dissertations and treatises. There is nothing left for another editor to do.

Jebb's work, in its completeness and finish, is like that of a cabinet-maker, who sits before his bench with all his tools at hand and in order. Another workman might produce good work with a chisel and mallet. Jebb must have everything of the best; when set down to work, he holds the whole subject in his eye. The sight of an unfamiliar word immediately suggests analogies, to be supplied by the ranging and classifying memory which lets nothing be lost. An instance of this may be found in his edition of Bacchylides, in which (p. 69) he catalogues the words which the discovery of the manuscript has added to our knowledge of the Greek language. The poet's vocabulary is compared with that of Pindar, and illustrated from Horace. His relation to Greek art, and especially vase-painting, a fascinating subject, is treated soberly and with mature knowledge, the result of a difficult and subtle method of comparison of things not *in pari materia*; and it may be said in this connection that much of Jebb's excellence lay in the art of simplifying; reducing, that is, various phenom-

ena under a single law. We trust Jebb in such things, knowing that he is not likely to become "the dupe of his own cleverness." His consciousness of critical insight does not tempt him to neglect the study of details. He treats details as a counsel treats the minutiae of his brief, for he knows that details will not take care of themselves; and he selects and marshals them in order of argument with exquisite skill.

What was the quality which enabled Jebb to write Greek and Latin poems, where other scholars cannot get beyond "verses"? It was not mere facility; that can be acquired by practice; nor sympathy with Greek and Latin thought, especially Greek; nor copiousness of language, nor choice of words. It was all this and much more; a power of seeing things whole, which made it possible for him in one spontaneous effort to throw gold into the melting-pot and bring it out in a different form; so that what he produced was a transformation rather than a translation of his original. The form has disappeared, language, order, rhythm; the spirit is reincarnated in a wholly different embodiment. Or, to vary the metaphor, the gold was of one fashion when it went into the crucible, of another when it came out; the treatment as different as the intention was similar. It was so from the time when, as a mere boy, he translated in the Senate House Tennyson's "Home they brought her Warrior dead" into a perfect crystal of Latin verse, to the more famous Pindaric version of *Abt Vogler* and the hexameters of Wordsworth's Ode. Munro could do in this way almost as much as Jebb, but Jebb's method of working was unique.

Translation ranges as far as from the meanness of Milton's version of the Psalms to the magnificence of Dryden's paraphrase (for he does not call it a translation) of Horace's "Ode to Maecenas" (Carm. iii. 29); that is, from

the meticulous rendering of word by word which the same Horace condemns, and which renounces all poetical aim, to translation, so-called, in the manner of Pope, which preserves neither the form, nor the spirit, nor the diction of the original, and yet has a poetical value of its own.

The value of facility in production depends upon the worth of what is produced, not upon the pretty expression. It may be found in company with superficiality; but it is also a part of readiness; which implies knowledge of the subject, command of language, and that aspect of wit which shows the right point at the right moment, and which is a kind of intellectual presence of mind. As Dr. Verrall suggests (p. 438), "The ease of composition was not only apparent, but real; . . . the material once mastered, and the view chosen, these liquid sentences, with all their eddies and flashes of suggestion, flowed fast from the pen. The labor was done before, in a brooding preparation of years rather than hours."

What may be learnt by students of the classics from Jebb's editions of *Sophocles*, and other authors, was presented in a different though similar form to the classes which attended his lectures. The same quality of thoroughness was conspicuous in Jebb's lectures, whether in the college lecture-room at Trinity, in the miscellaneous classes at Glasgow, or in the rarefied atmosphere of the Greek Professor's class at Cambridge. Some of his Cambridge hearers, but not all, might complain that he did not throw enough animation into his lectures, that he lectured as if he were bored, and that he did not welcome his pupils as fellow-students, or unbend, as that Olympian scholar Dr. Thompson sometimes did, to the undergraduates, few but faithful, who heard him expound Plato half a century ago. Jebb read his lectures, severely and simply, from a book;

a method of teaching not attractive except to students as keen to get profit, not entertainment, as the Greek classes at Glasgow. With that most difficult audience he could do what he liked. "I have no hesitation," writes one of his Glasgow pupils (p. 187), "in saying that he was by far the best teacher I ever knew, and that he made his subject real and inspiring, as few are able to do. . . . What impressed the imperfectly prepared students, who had to do any work for Mr. Jebb, was the precision and finish of all his work for them." Another writes, "His disciplinary powers were of the highest order; not a sound was heard in his class-room, other than the voice of the reader, or the subdued applause of the students after one of his fine renderings" (p. 188).

It must not be supposed that Professor Jebb was all honey. His wit was "pungent, but never harsh or caustic; we all got what we deserved and expected"; and a candid critic described the Greek Professor as "striking terror into the hearts of many students," and spoke of bursts of anger "that swept the atmosphere like a storm" (p. 192). There is no doubt that Jebb's temper contained the elements of storm; what strong character does not?

Controversies often outlive the question which provoked them, because of the personal interest which they create, and the battles of books are chiefly remembered for the sake of the champions who engaged in them, and are more like tournaments than real battles. An accusation of "plagiarism and unacknowledged obligation" made against Jebb in 1876 would probably have ended with Professor Blass's courteous recognition of his blamelessness, if Jebb had not determined on the heroic treatment. "When he was hurt," writes Lady Jebb of her husband, "meek submission was not the first

idea that occurred to him." Jebb was not aggressive:

*Hic stilius haud petet ultro quemquam  
animantem*

but he was certainly combative and on this occasion he put on Bentleian armor for the purpose of punishing Professor Mahaffy. The world in general thought Jebb had the best of it; at any rate the controversy established his reputation as a person whom it was safer not to provoke. Once and again, it is true, he was drawn into combat, as with Principal Tulloch and Professor Blackie, not without clash of swords; but after his bout with Professor Mahaffy had shown him to be dangerous, scholars who disagreed with him were not inclined to be too hasty in attacking him:

*Qui me commorit—"melius non tan-  
gere" clamo.*

If Jebb was hot tempered, he was just tempered too, and warm hearted; and he kept to the end many of his under-graduate friendships. Though courteous to all, and a faithful friend to many who came between the inner and the outer circumferences of friendship, he did not reveal himself freely, and never departed from the dignity which was native to him, and which was sometimes mistaken for haughtiness. He was too sensitive and sensitive-proud not to be conscious of changes in the circumstances, or of developments in the characters of his friends, which might from time to time alter the temperature of his friendships. He never pretended a feeling which was not genuine and he judged his friends by a high standard, as he had a right to do. It was necessary for him to idealize his friends, and he was faithful to his ideals.

The following passage, from one of the most interesting of those interesting letters to herself which Lady Jebb has

given us, is characteristic; it is dated from Cambridge, June 10, 1873, a year before his marriage (p. 157):

As one passes, with years or months, out of the phase in which mere acquaintanceship pleases by glitter, or even by change—and the "even" means a stage which no one can quite dissociate from self-contempt—one comes to long so for an inner life of friendship. I had such a life as a boy, when the friends whose minds had come to a glow at the same time with my own were here; then they went away, and the world has spoiled two or three of them, and merged more, and death has taken away some of them; but now, suddenly, and as if by a gift of God who sees in secret, just in this last year a second spring of friendship seems to have come. I cannot understand it yet—within the last three months, just when I seemed most desolate, and felt most certain that I must fight through life alone, a group of noble friends has sprung up about me.

Though Jebb never left unfinished anything he put his hand to, it is a debatable question whether he did not attempt too many things. But when all men combine to put work upon a capable man, it is difficult to avoid the responsibility of taking it up; and as Jebb's presence on a committee or a commission always made for effectiveness, it is not surprising that important public business should have been put into his hands which, as far as his own tastes were concerned, he would gladly have avoided. The demands of public life are tyrannous, and the biographies of statesmen are full of aspirations after the leisure, which if they had it, they would likely enough turn into working time; so that the paradox has become a commonplace, that the busiest men have the most leisure. The world has never been constructed in which the right men should have the right work. An instance of it might have seemed to be that Jebb should be



set to teach Greek and write books about Greek; to be the *προφήτης* of Greek culture to Glasgow and Oxford and Bologna and South Africa and to the ends of the earth. Was it a good genius or an evil genius that set him to be a College tutor, a Governor of Charterhouse, a member of the Commissions on Secondary Education and the London University, a member of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries, a Professor of Ancient History at the Royal Academy, a trustee of the British Museum?—offices which he discharged with distinction, but which might have been competently discharged, if with less distinction, by other men.

It would not be right to ignore or to speak slightly of Sir Richard Jebb's action in the House of Commons. He made a place for himself there at once, and exercised an influence in that exacting assembly. If not among the leaders of debate—he came into Parliament too late for that—he won a position of which his university had good reason to be proud. He never spoke on any subject with which he was not familiar, and the House soon came to know this, and listened to him willingly. He had many of the natural gifts of an orator, and was able to interest audiences so different as those which met at the Albert Hall on the subject of Disestablishment; at Bradford for the Church Congress; at Cambridge for the Rede Lecture; and at Oxford for the Romanes Lecture and the Bodleian Tercentenary Meeting. In April 1894 he spoke against Mr. Asquith's Welsh Disestablishment Bill, in one of those historical surveys in which it was hard to beat him, so clearly were the arguments arranged, and so persuasively commended. In February 1895 he spoke on the Scotch University Commission Bill, "putting his points with the most beautiful delicacy and precision." In 1896 he defended Sir

John Gorst's Education Bill in a speech which is described as "a masterly vindication of the principle and scheme of the Bill—all the more weighty and effective because conjoint with a considerable amount of trenchant and independent criticism of questions of detail." Indeed, when once known, he seldom made a speech in Parliament which was not noticed with commendation. He took a lively interest in the Education Bill of 1902, of which it seemed at one time not improbable that he would be put in charge, had not the state of his health made it doubtful whether he would be able to bear the strain. In fact, he was a hard-working member of Parliament, ready to take part in the general business of the House, over and above what came more specially within his proper province, an active member, and on occasion Chairman of Committees.

Enough has been said to show that Jebb was well fitted for parliamentary life and enjoyed no small credit and reputation as a statesman. Considering the need of economy which his delicate constitution forced upon him, and the nature of the work which he could do and no one else, was it worth while? It was the converse of what the great god Pan did, "making a poet out of a man": for it was turning the poet into a man of the world, a public man, a server of tables. It was well for Jebb to be taken out of his study and given a place and a sphere of activity in the world; was it worth while to spend so much of his precious time in committee rooms? If we believe the doctrine of *nil interit*, it was; from the point of view of classical philology, it was not. We gained some speeches in Parliament, giving a touch of culture and enlightenment here and there in public affairs, we lost an edition of Pin-dar or Demosthenes which might have been a possession for ever. It is difficult to estimate the loss and the gain.

So with Jebb's literary work. If we compare with the *Sophocles* and the *Translations* the *Volume of Essays and Addresses*<sup>2</sup> which accompanies the *Life and Letters*, and add to it articles written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and other writings of a similar character, all good and thorough, but not all bearing that stamp of high inventive originality which marks his best achievement, it is difficult not to regret that the "intensity and tenacity," which was part of his nature, was not so directed that a second great work might stand by the side of *Sophocles*. Full of enlightenment and instruction as are the lectures, addresses and essays contained in this collection, they are the work of a versatile and widely read humanist, rather than a man of pro-

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found learning. Profound learning demands entire devotion; and Jebb's time was too much occupied by a variety of duties, willingly and conscientiously discharged, to make it possible for him to be a scholar of the type of Casaubon or Bentley, or even Munro.

It is difficult to be profound in one subject without loss of completeness and comprehensiveness; it is difficult to achieve universal perfection of style without sacrificing some of the fruits of study. Jebb preferred versatility and an active life to learned seclusion. He had a right to choose, and it is better to accept what he gave us, than to find fault with him because he did not give us something different, since he left the world in any case so much his debtor.

F. W. Cornish.

### THE RIGHT USE OF FLOWERING SHRUBS.

It is often said that flowering shrubs are too little used in our gardens; and, indeed, considering their number and beauty, we may wonder that more is not made of them. Yet there is some reason for their neglect, for of all the ornaments of the garden they are the most difficult to place rightly. We are uncertain whether to treat them as shrubs or as flowers. Many of them cannot be used, like other shrubs, as a foil or background to flowers, since they have too strong an interest of their own when they are in flower; and when they go out of flower they often lack the neatness and flourishing air of other shrubs. They have made their great display, beautiful while it lasts but often short lived, and when it is over they have a spent look like herbaceous plants after their flowering time. On the other hand, it is difficult

to treat most of them as flowering plants and to place them among other flowering plants in the border, because of their size and because their roots rob the ground of nourishment and moisture which the other plants need. In a large garden, of course, they may be placed by themselves in great shrubberies; but these are seldom satisfactory, especially when they consist of many kinds of shrubs. It is far more difficult to make a pleasant arrangement of different flowering shrubs than of different herbaceous plants. The units of the arrangement are so large that any intricate interweaving of color is almost impossible; besides, shrubs cannot be put close together like smaller plants without suffering from overcrowding. Most of the plants of the border can be divided when they grow too thick and the soil may then be redug and enriched. But shrubs, to flourish, must be left alone. You cannot be always experimenting with new combinations or removing

<sup>2</sup> "Essays and Addresses." By Sir Richard Jebb, Litt. D., O.M., late Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press, 1907.

the smaller shrubs when they are overshadowed. Your planting must be made once and for all; and without the power of frequent experiment how are you to get the experience necessary for skilful arrangement? You cannot even be sure of profiting by the experience of others, unless their conditions are exactly the same as yours; for some shrubs grow apace in one kind of soil and others in another; and a combination that succeeds in a rich loam may be a failure in a light gravel. Nothing looks so miserable in a garden as a flowering shrub that does not thrive. It is so large a monument of failure that it may poison all the gardener's pleasure in his garden, and one sickly shrub will mar the effect of a whole shrubbery.

Then again the very number and diversity of flowering shrubs are apt to intimidate the gardener. There are so many that he would like to have, even among those quite familiar to him, that he does not know where to begin, especially if his garden is not very large. And flowering shrubs have such different associations. An Apple tree seems to belong to a different world from a Rhododendron, and a Magnolia from a Hawthorn. Associations may be quite arbitrary and may change from time to time; but you can no more ignore them in the use of shrubs than in the use of words. There are some shrubs that always have an exotic look and need to be used as discreetly as foreign words or phrases. You cannot plant them without incongruity among those shrubs that seem to belong to the immemorial past of our gardens. Some day, perhaps, the hardy Azaleas will look as homely as a damask rose; but at present they still seem to belong to the Far East, so closely are they associated in our minds with Japanese drawings and decoration; and it is not

easy to find plants that will combine well with them.

We have said enough to show that the problem of flowering shrubs—a problem at once horticultural and æsthetic—is peculiarly difficult; and it is better not to use them at all than to use them badly, especially in the formal garden. It must be confessed that formal gardens, so far as flowering shrubs are concerned, are at a disadvantage compared with wild or even with ordinary landscape gardens. The best tradition of formal gardening was developed when there were but few flowering shrubs, and it afforded few opportunities for the use of them. It was timid even in the use of Roses, the chief of all flowering shrubs; and now that there are so many Roses that can be treated as true flowering shrubs and not as mere blossom-producing machines, we are not likely to be content with any timid use of them. Nor can we content ourselves with a timid use of all those earlier flowering shrubs and trees which make the glory of late spring in large gardens, and in garden cities like Oxford, with Hawthorn pink and white, and Laburnum, and Lilac and the Guelder rose, and all the Cherries and Apples and Plums. We cannot forego the rapture and abundance of these any more than we can forego the innumerable twinkling of Crocuses and Squills and Daffodils in the grass. But the question remains, how are we to have them without injuring the other beauties of our gardens; and that question is not easy to answer. Where the garden is very large the problem is easiest. There flowering shrubs may be planted in broad masses and combinations on the wilder outskirts, and more sparsely and carefully nearer to the house. An occasional flowering shrub may be placed with artful irregularity even in the

most formal parts of a garden. Nothing looks better than a single Hawthorn or Laburnum placed, as if by accident, in the corner of a cloister, and it may be used in the same way in a garden close. But there must be no regularity in the planting of such things, or it will distract the eye from the regularity of the main design. To plant a Hawthorn in each corner of a cloister or a garden close would be a fatal absurdity. What is needed is a contrast between the general order and symmetry and a single beautiful accident, for there should be some one apparently accidental beauty in every garden design, however formal, as in every picture, however systematically composed. Without it there seems to be no inspiration and no spontaneity, nothing but a timid anxiety for correctness. And here now, perhaps, we may have arrived at a principle for the use of the larger and nobler flowering trees and shrubs, at any rate in more formal and confined gardens. They should be employed, not systematically, like flowers or shrubs of utility, but as accidents and surprises to enliven the formality of the whole. Needless to say, they must be so employed with great restraint. Accidents and surprises, if too often repeated, lose their effect. But the difficulty in every design is to combine restraint with abundance, to know where to be lavish and where to be sparing. Flowering shrubs are most beautiful objects, at any rate when in flower, and some gardeners, therefore, are tempted to plant them in abundance; but the better course seems to be, at least in small or formal gardens, to use them sparingly in combination with an abundance of herbaceous and other flowering plants. There must be a sacrifice somewhere, especially nowadays when we have such an infinite variety of all kinds of ornamental plants; and the sacrifice should be

made on some principle. Now there is a principle in the sparing use of flowering shrubs, because they are, as we have said, too large for units in any ordered combination, except in a very large garden. Therefore they should be used as accidents.

We are all familiar with the accidental use of "ornamental conifers" in landscape gardens, and most of us are tired of it. It is usually unhappy, because these conifers are too formal and not interesting or beautiful enough in themselves for such a use, and also because single accidents are superfluous where everything is intended to look accidental. An accident in a design should be striking and beautiful in itself, and should be used to correct and contrast with the general formality of that design. Therefore, shrubs or trees brilliant in their flowers and informal in their growth should be employed for that purpose. They should contrast in every respect with the more formal elements of the design that will serve as a foil to them. Thus evergreen flowering shrubs, such as *Berberis darwinii* or *B. stenophylla*, should not be placed against an evergreen background such as a yew hedge. That should serve as a foil rather to some deciduous tree with leafage of an utterly different color. Nothing is more beautiful in a garden than contrasts of foliage, where they occur once and as if by accident. Nothing is more restless and wearisome than such contrasts where they are incessant and too varied. Thus a mixed shrubbery, even if it is altogether composed of beautiful flowering shrubs, is seldom beautiful as a whole. The items seem to jostle each other and to compete for your attention, like advertisements on a hoarding or pictures at an exhibition, and they compete most violently when they are in flower together and in their fullest beauty. But a single

flowering shrub rightly placed in front of a dark barrier of greenery has your eye to itself and satisfies it, like an altarpiece in a quiet church. Nor does it compete with any border of flowers near it, for their beauty is on a different scale and of a different order. But in a large garden formally designed there may be a greater abundance of flowering shrubs than is possible with this accidental use of them, if only they are arranged in an orderly fashion and without too great variety. The best Rose gardens give us hints for the treatment of other flowering shrubs by which we have not yet profited much. There is no reason why we should not have shrubberies arranged like roseries, not in a thicket all struggling together for life and notice, but widely spaced at regular intervals and with regular repetitions and alternations. In such a shrubbery only a few kinds should be planted. Harmony and simplicity, rather than variety, should be aimed at, and the different shrubs should be chosen so as to agree or contrast well together in the color and character of their foliage and in their habit of growth, and also to provide a succession of bloom. Lower growing shrubs might be placed between the taller ones, just as dwarf Roses fill up the spaces in a roserie between the occasional great pillar Roses. Thus a shrubbery with pink Hawthorn and the tallest *Philadelphus* (*Syringa*) alternating at regular intervals might be filled up with masses of Lavender and *Cytisus praecox*. But the possible combinations of such a shrubbery are innumerable, and we only mention this one as an example. When the taller shrubs are straight and aspiring in their growth, those in between should be of a more spreading and bushy habit; and these smaller shrubs should be planted as close together and be encouraged to grow as evenly as possible. The

ground must be well covered at all costs, and all the shrubs must thrive, or else the effect will be more ragged even than in the ordinary mixed shrubbery. There is no reason why some of the tall pillar Roses should not have their place in such an arrangement, alternating with Lilacs or some of the taller *Spiræas*. Nothing can look better than pillars of Dorothy Perkins encircled with Lavender or some other low-growing glaucous-leaved shrub. Where there are spaces between the smaller shrubs they may be filled with masses of German Irises or Pinks or any other plant that keeps some of its beauty all the year. But in any case the shrubs, whether massed or single, should be regular in their arrangement and but little varied in kind.

The use of shrubs about a lawn is a very difficult problem, especially in landscape gardens where there is no formal or quiet background to serve as a foil for them. Shrubs seldom look well when they are planted at regular intervals about a lawn, especially if they are at all stiff or formal in habit. On the other hand, single shrubs dotted here and there are apt to seem pointless and forlorn; and so are beds of low-growing shrubs such as *Rhododendrons* or *Azaleas*. These need a background of quiet greenery and some place that seems to be made for them, not cut out arbitrarily from a great expanse of grass. They should, therefore, always be on the outskirts of a lawn and in some bay encircled with taller shrubs or trees. Then they may have a splendid effect when in flower. Of the larger shrubs the best for the lawn are those which become small trees in time, such as Hawthorns, Judas trees, and Apples. It is strange that Apple trees should so seldom be planted anywhere except in the kitchen garden. Apart from their use, they are, perhaps, the most beautiful of all flowering shrubs, and

peculiarly suitable, by reason of their spreading growth, for planting on the outskirts of a lawn. Where a lawn is very large it would be well to have an irregularly arranged orchard or grove of Hawthorns at the end of it; and even where it is smaller a few Apple trees or Hawthorns planted together would in time make a pleasant shade.

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and serve as an agreeable transition to some other part of the garden. But, as we have said, the problem of flowering shrubs is a very difficult one; and we do not now pretend to do more than explain the nature of its difficulties and offer a few suggestions for dealing with them,

## PEDAGOGY UP-TO-DATE.

O simple and crude were the notions I had  
When I was a callow and green undergrad!  
And simplest of all were the thoughts that were mine  
On how to excel in the pedagogic line.

I fancied—like many Oxonian geese—  
One should study the culture of Rome and of Greece;  
I dreamt of the grove where Calliope sings,  
And my heart it would pant for Pierian springs.

And when I had gathered such lore as I could,  
And flung o'er my shoulders a bachelor's hood,  
I thought, in my folly, I'd nothing to do  
But set up as Master and teach what I knew.

Rude, rude was my waking! I soon was to find  
My notions were ages and ages behind:  
The hours I had spent in achieving a taste  
For classical culture were nothing but waste.

What was *Œdipus Rex*? What was Pericles' speech?  
I should have been studying how one should teach,  
For What you impart doesn't much matter now:  
The only significant thing is the How.

I should have been busy researching. I ought  
To have measured the length of an infantile thought,  
To have marked the effect on the cardia's action  
Induced by an effort in simple subtraction.

I should have been weighing the toddlers before  
And after a lesson in nursery lore,  
And known what they lost, to a scrupulous gramme,  
In learning the story of *Mary's pet lamb*.



I ought to have studied with close application  
 The full psychologic effect of dictation;  
 And the chemico-physical change that ensues  
 When an infant is learning that four is two twos.

Ah me! Can I wonder if men who have wrung  
 From Science the secrets of teaching the young  
 Arrive at the seats of the mighty, while I,  
 A mere scholar at best, am a thing to pass by?

Punch.

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### LIKEABLENESS.

When we say of a man that he is likeable we do not mean that it is just possible to like him; we mean that it is almost impossible not to do so. It is difficult to analyze likeableness, or even to find synonyms for it. It is not charm. A man may be very likeable and a little ridiculous. It is not magnetism, for he may be pre-eminently likeable and have no influence whatever. Likeableness is a quantity which cannot be accurately calculated when we come to sum up character,—elusive, yet immediately recognizable by all; indefinable, yet the most real thing in the world; the very essence of personality, a force which defeats justice as surely as it defies description.

A man born likeable is born free, or, if we must admit that every man is more or less the slave of circumstance, he is more loosely bound than his neighbors. He can say and do more nearly what he pleases. In a social sense he can come and go without restraint. The by-laws of the circle in which he may find himself are relaxed in his favor. Without offence he may hold opinions diametrically opposed to those of his *milieu*, for his opponents will cheerfully concede to him the privilege of being in the wrong. His friends are content to differ from him. They have a sense of an inner unity below the level of opinion, below the level of caste, below the level even of conduct.

True, his convictions may correspond to their doubts, and his doubts to their convictions. He and they may differ as to what things are "taboo" in the matter of manners, and even in the matter of morals. Yet with a likeable man, men in general find an unknown point of contact which enables sympathy to flow between them, though none of the usual channels should exist. His likeableness stands him in good stead at every juncture of life from the cradle to the grave; and unless his luck be very much worse than the average, it will ensure his happiness. But, oddly enough, though the absence of this quality precludes the assumption of supreme power over men—the acme of every ambitious man's ambition—yet in a general way it by no means ensures worldly success. Without it a man may rise very, very near the top. There are ways in which its absence, if he be really strong, may facilitate his upward progress. It is the last step, which can hardly be taken alone, that will balk him,—the step which must be reached by the help of willing shoulders.

Likeable men, however, by no means always get on. They very often lack the qualities which make directly for success, and likeableness seems very commonly to be given, as it were, in compensation. It is not seldom to be found apart from that mental and

physical energy which is essential to much accomplishment, and sometimes—though much less often than writers of fiction would have us believe—it accompanies a very real want of principle. A likeable man is tempted to be generous before he is just. His sense of moral proportion is sometimes faulty, and he forgets that rectitude is a more important matter than the doing of good turns. Likeableness flourishes best in a soil of virtue; but it is not precluded by the moderate practice of many of the vices. The only thing which certainly forbids it is that curious form of insensibility which, for want of a better word, we call cold-heartedness. This, again, is a difficult quality to describe, and though found in conjunction with the very worst faults, it is quite common in their absence, and is compatible with a dutiful disposition untainted by cruelty.

We think this strange inner frigidity is quite as common among men as women, but among the latter it is more immediately recognizable. It would be untrue to say that cold-hearted women are always unattractive. On the contrary, they have sometimes a strange attraction like that which surrounds dangerous heights. A cold heart precludes worry and makes for health, and therefore for good looks. It goes, too, with a certain form of cleverness, and need not go with frivolity. There is very often a peculiar glitter, both mental and physical, particularly if she belong to the higher ranks of society, about a cold-hearted woman which prevents her presence being ignored by either sex. She is distinguished not seldom for her bright eyes, bright wits, and a kind of hard, bright polish. In circles where a show of sympathy is considered essential to the best manners an inner frigidity is less patent; but the frost of a cold heart is soon felt from behind the softest voice, the most unflagging attention, the most de-

termined show of indulgence and philanthropy. Indeed, in these apparently warm wrappings the low temperature of the central ice is perhaps best preserved. Outside the cultivated class we may, of course, find many bad hearts, but icy ones are very rare, and such as there are we are apt to overlook because their owners so often possess the qualities we like to see in those below us, and, warmed by our own consciousness of approval, we avoid all sense of chill. We wonder sometimes why such prudent and successful persons are not more popular in their own class—a class which can so ill afford to be impulsive—and it may be long before we discover the cold heart which serves to keep equals at a distance.

Now and then a cold heart will lend to a young man a certain dignity. It is a preservative against many forms of silliness. It may look very much like strength, and it is difficult, at any rate, for his contemporaries to get near enough to a cold-hearted man to feel any contempt for him. In middle life his friends fall away, chilled the more effectually by a long stay in a frosty atmosphere. An admiration for extreme composure wears off, and we learn to be content to like people and not know why. It is when we are young that we confuse self-control with absence of emotion, and it is inexperience which makes us count up qualities and seek by arithmetic to solve the problem of personality. In every really likeable character there is a primitive element. Shakespeare's words about the touch of Nature, hackneyed as they have become, still throw more light than any treatise, however long, upon the difficult question of sympathy. Some unconscious recollection of the solidarity of the race, some instinctive acknowledgment of human relationship, exists wherever likeableness is seen as a marked characteristic.

It is a quality which destroys isolation, and enables a man, as we say, to enter into the life of other people. This by no means necessarily implies exceptional unselfishness. Such unselfishness is not possible apart from moral energy and of that a likeable man is occasionally almost destitute.

Cold-hearted people, to whatever class they may belong, have about them something of sophistication. They are never simple. They are cut off from the common life of the world. They

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are not susceptible to those currents of emotion which are conveyed to all the branches that still draw life from the original stem. They may be good, bad, or indifferent people, useful or detrimental in the world, but whichever they are, they are always self-satisfied. They never repent, and therefore the world never forgives them; but they do very well without its grace, and if they miss the best that life has to give, they are also spared the worst.

### THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

The poetry of the Bible is essentially expressed in symbol. That is why its appeal increases with the passage of the years. The Hebrews rarely, if ever, visualized. Visualization, as modern psychologists have demonstrated, is largely the prerogative of children. Almost all children *see* things with the inward eye in sharp-cut form and distinct colors. This faculty of interior sight is preserved by some—by the painters, by those of secure artistic perception—to the end of their days. But in the majority it vanishes with the transformation from the child world into the adult world. That transformation is not (as in the old theory) an insensible development of a gradual growth. It is the deliberate death of one world, the birth of another. Children attempt to make visions of the prophetic and apocalyptic literature of the Bible. The apparatus breaks in their hands. They are baffled and disappointed. Artists have essayed the same task, and found the results grotesque. You cannot draw on paper (as Blake has demonstrated) one whose "hair was like wool," sitting in the midst of seven candlesticks, "holding in his right hand seven stars," "out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword." You can-

not set to definite outline and color a mystical and restless imagery which associates with words of transcendent import flashing appearances of light and splendor and shadow. The Middle Age was a Child Age, vanishing as childhood vanishes, with the birth of the world of to-day. The Middle Age made desperate attempts to convert the Apocalypse into a definite panorama of things seen. The result is a failure: whether in Angelico's heaven or in Botticelli's hell. Rossetti, a child of the Italian fourteenth century, straying homeless between Chelsea and Blackfriars, confessed that his favorite reading was the Revelation of St. John. But the Heaven over whose golden bar the "Blessed Damozel" leant, with its adorable, yellow-haired maidens and its pleasant houses and gardens, was something timid and emasculated in comparison with the tremendous, almost inarticulate, suggestions of the original documents. Professor Wernle, a German theologian of painstaking erudition and scanty humor, has recently expressed his disgust with these barbaric visions of jewels and gold, this cube (as he calls it) suspended in mid-air, with beasts full of eyes inside and out, and armies which still fiercely de-

light in war. Yet to the old, amongst whom visualization has largely passed into symbolism, the Apocalypse is always the favorite book of the Bible. And in all the confused centuries, where each generation of humanity has flared and faded, the heart's longing for some attainment inexpressible in exact reasoning has found its satisfaction in these stupendous visions of light and sound and motion: in the conception of a city whose streets are pure gold like transparent glass, whose foundations are garnished with jasper and jacinth and emerald; every one of whose several gates is one pearl: in the midst of whose streets is a Tree of Life, bearing all manner of fruit: "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

It is the poetry of symbolism which thus ultimately conquers, and this poetry has become associated with a tradition which hangs upon certain great words with imperishable associations. "Star," "glory," "everlasting joy," "as the voice of many waters," "the sound of the millstone," "the light of the candle"—a thousand other expressions which in themselves may be almost unmeaning, have come to enjoy significance through the reverberation of the suggestion which they immediately awaken. For these suggestions are not merely carved on every building and incorporated into every literature: they have become part of the very blood and sinew of the corporate tradition which has made the inherited life of the people. That is why (for example) the great novelists fall back, in their moments of supreme expression, upon the Bible simile and quotation, which complete almost all the greatest passages of English literature. And the ultimate impression is of something said for all time—fitting and complete. In the "School for Saints," the little disreputable attorney, whose one reputable element is his devotion to

his religion, is being taunted by its opponents with its obvious approaching destruction. "What of this?" he is asked, "and of this?" as he is taken through Europe and exhibited the nations in arms against the Church. "How do I answer?" he asks, in a sudden flash of inward fire. "And the multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her and distress her, shall become as a dream, as a watch in the night." In "Westward Ho," the tired band of wanderers in the South American forests, searching for the El Dorado, are arrested at the last by the testimony of the old fighter and mystic. "I have long had a voice within which saith," he declared, "Salvation Yea, thou shalt never behold the Golden City which is on earth, where heathens worship sun and moon and the hosts of heaven; be content therefore to see that Golden City which is above, where is neither sun nor moon, but the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." And in one of the familiar scenes in English literature—on the return of Henry Esmond from the wars—Thackeray uses the poetry of the same reverberating memories. "To-day, Henry, in the anthem when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream.' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

Beyond this symbolism and these associations the poetry of the Bible abides as the first and also final presentation of the great elemental emotions. The reader apprehends often, as with a

sudden shock of surprise, that the essentials of human nature remain entirely unaltered by all the vicissitudes of progress and of time. Across the rise and fall of nations, over the feverish life of generations whose bodily atoms have resolved themselves into dust and thin air, there sounds the unchanging music of love, and loss, and longing. It is in a remote legend of a Moabite and a Hebrew, with uncouth names, and no distinction of fame or lineage, preserved—a torn fragment, as if by accident—that men and women find to-day the perfect expression of an undying affection—"Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me from thee." It is in a fierce record of tribal warfare, containing revolting elements of cunning and barbaric vengeance, that there is set the most musical of all laments of human friendship—the living over the dead—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women." An undated, anonymous drama composed in the desert, and full of its wide spaces and questionings, to-day provides the absolute expression of a challenge whose influence no wealth, or civilization, or complexity of fortune has in the least degree modified—"As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

This splendid and spacious literature has been vitiated for many at the present by the desire to twist every verse into edification and make every argument support a cause. With a fuller emancipation its variety, its solemnity,

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its sublimity will be more fully appreciated. It contains passages of the boldest scepticism: impeachments of the beneficence of the Deity as fierce as in any Swinburnian chorus. "Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thy hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?" asks Job defiantly of a Providence whose wisdom is to him as inconspicuous as its goodness. It contains the proclamation of an Agnosticism more ultimate and searching than any of its somewhat sloppy modern revivals: the reply of the Cosmic Spirit from the huge unreason of unintelligible forces to man's pitiful complaint—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" A piece of Eastern decorative and sensuous love poetry in praise of one that "looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners," is set adjacent to a piece of shattering Eastern pessimism, crying like the wailing wind in a deserted city—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The story passes from the wanderings of shepherds and wayfarers in the dim childhood of the world, through the gradual building of a rich and complex society: to its prosperity, its testing time, its moral decay, its irretrievable fall, "because it knew not the time of its visitation." And the whole is set in a more majestic background of the eternities even than the vast shadowy destinies and spirits of the northern mythology: from a Spirit of Life at the beginning moving on the face of darkness, to a city at the end where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun," because within it is neither night nor sadness, but only the splendor of an unfading dawn.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"State and Local Taxation" is the title given to the handsome volume containing the report of the first national conference held at Columbus, Ohio, November 12-15, 1907 under the direction of the National Tax Association, and suggested by Mr. Allen Ripley Foote, its President. Nearly fifty papers were read at this conference by economists of many grades and many kinds, and they are here reproduced. The topics are widely varied and students of the subject will find the book of great value both for reading and for reference. Considering who are its publishers it is hardly necessary to say that it has an index. The Macmillan Company.

There are two or three American short stories about a lost room but all of them are unsolved enigmas and when one reads the title of "The House of the Lost Court" one fears that one has encountered another, but the Marquessa d'Alpeno gives her readers something much better. English houses with secret rooms are common enough in novels but a nest of hidden rooms and a central court are unique, and the author uses them very skilfully in her plot, in which are embedded an apparent murder, a gondola propelled by a mysterious shade, secret doors and stair-cases, and a lady more mysterious than all the mysteries. The heroine, a simple American girl, moves among these strange things like a good spirit, and through her happiness comes to a life darkened by Quixotic sacrifice, all who have been living in the shadow come into the sunshine, and the bad persons are left in great discomfort. There is no shadow of probability about the story but it is none the less amusing and original. The McClure Company.

It may be that in Heaven existence will be tolerable even if nothing shall be hidden, but with only human powers of endurance one cannot but be thankful that the working of the minds producing books like "The Heart of a Child" are concealed. As Malbone's Aunt Jane said of spiders "one does not understand their anatomy, but it must be very unpleasant." With all the world before her wherein to choose Mrs. Frank Danby selects a slum girl for a heroine, and carries her through a childhood and girlhood in which every step is a temptation to vice; shows her life in the shop of a fashionable dress-maker, on the stage of a cheap theatre; fills the reader's mind with ugly thoughts and uglier suggestions, but desires to be considered as a clean and decent writer because the girl is unsentimental and physically insensible, and does not come to grief, but neither the book nor the reader's mind is the less polluted on that account. One cannot but perceive the author's ingenuity of device, but one gives her work and her intention exactly the same measure of respect which one yields to her former books,—and it is microscopic. If England and the United States were judged by this book and a recent romance of manicuring, massage, and shampooing, a German invasion and a Japanese war would seem to give them just compensation for their sense. The Macmillan Co.

The deepest of all the Browning mysteries is the popular theory that the poet's work is mysterious. Primary school babes set "The Pied Piper" and "Three Blind Mice" on the same plane of lucidity, and young grammarians are much more puzzled by the mathematics of "We Are Seven," than by "The Statue and the Bust," or "An

Incident of the French Camp." Yet nobody calls Wordsworth mysterious, or mystic, or worries about his esoteric meaning, and more machinery has been devised for Browning exegesis than would be necessary to produce commentaries on all the codes on the planet. One conceives the man known to the Browning augurs as standing with reluctant feet, blinded eyes, and deafened ears before the temple, and proclaiming that he cannot, cannot understand, but do they give him the obvious remedy? No: he is whelmed under a Tarpeian shower of explanations, comments, notes, and glossaries, and is expected to profit by the consequent bruising and battering. Everybody knows this, and everybody sees it, yet it continues, and now comes Dr. S. S. Curry with "Browning and the Dramatic Monologue," and any one acquainted with Americans as they are is aware that his explanations of the perfectly obvious are desired, and will be welcomed by thousands. They are clear, as clear as Browning's own work, simple, adequate and unpretentious, and persons searching for a guide on a straight road will much rejoice in them. Boston Expression Company.

The popular ignorance of the conditions under which children are taught and schools maintained was so strikingly manifested during the recent flurry of excitement as to schoolhouse fires that both teachers and school boards may be forgiven if their contempt for "the indignant parent" and "the intelligent public" have redoubled. Even the omniscient journalist has been betrayed into some statements amazing to the well-informed, although plausible enough to the general reader, and the clergymen who have spoken on the duty of thankfulness for dangers escaped have distributed their gratitude among worldly agencies which have not earned it. Upon them

and even upon teachers untrained in executive office and school board members moulded by positions of great responsibility such a book as "School Reports and School Efficiency" by Dr. David S. Snedden and Dr. William H. Allen impresses itself as imposing rather than as beneficently instructive, but it is a work which should receive the attention of all interested in the public school teaching. It is one of three studies made during the first year of that three years' trial of the "fact method" of interpreting school needs and school merit, for which the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor obtained funds. These studies were prosecuted by the committee on "Physical Welfare of School Children," a body of which both Dr. Snedden and Dr. Allen are members. It explains the purposes of educational statistics, describes the beginnings of school reports in American cities; recounts the efforts of the National Educational Association to improve school reports and to secure uniformity; gives some ninety pages of examples of tables and other forms of presenting school facts, used in typical school reports; enumerates some important questions not answered by existing reports; suggests improvements and economies, and lastly studies one school report with a view to applying the knowledge contained in it. Criticism of the work is impossible because there is nothing of its own kind wherewith to compare it, but in other kinds it is to the generalities of Welton and Mann as a report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics to a paper by Robert Dale Owen; it is to the "ideas" of Parker as Stuart Mill to Shelley; and it is the complement of such work as Arnold's or Mr. Tarver's. If the next two years bring forth fruit nearly as good as this, the science of education will be wonderfully advanced and enlarged. The Macmillan Co.